National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. WITHOUT CONCEALMENT...WITHOUT COMPROMISE. EDMUND QUINCY, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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The Southern Press, South.

THE GORSUCH MURDER! — LET ALL SOUTHERN MEN READ AND PONDER!

Christiana, Lancaster County, State of Pennsylvania, October 18, 1852.

Messrs. Editors: In performance of my promise to show from the experience of the past the insecurity of the South, and the peril of the Union, should our national affairs fall under the control of the *negroism* of the North, the recapitulation of the late outrage in Pennsylvania will abundantly suffice. We thank God that that outrage defeated Gov. Johnston last fall; that it has aroused the Democracy now to a determined repudiation of all "*Big-Wendy, Wool and Feather*" disunionists, and the result of our State election, on Tuesday last, is positive evidence that the Democracy of Pennsylvania have unfurled the brilliant banner — "*The Union must and shall be preserved.*" Aye! it will

> "*March* them again in fair array,
> And bid them form the happy day—
> The happy day design'd to wait
> On Pierce's fame and *Union's* fate."

In the beginning of the month of September, 1851, a warrant was issued in Philadelphia, under the act of Congress, by Edward D. Ingraham, the United States Commissioner, authorizing the arrest of two slaves, the property of Edward Gorsuch, fugitives from the State of Maryland. Henry H. Kline, a Deputy Marshal, who was entrusted with the execution of the warrant, with two police officers of Philadelphia, accompanied by Edward Gorsuch, of Baltimore county, Md., his two sons, Dickinson and Joshua Gorsuch, and his nephew, Doctor Thomas Pierce, all of the same county and State, with several other persons, reached the place where the fugitives were harboured at daybreak, on the 11th of September, 1851. This was a two-story stone building on the farm of Levi Pownall, about three miles from the village of Christiana, in the county of Lancaster. The slaves were summoned to surrender themselves, and the United States' warrant was read aloud by the Marshal. The owner of the house (Parker) denied that the slaves were in the house, although their owner had seen them at the upper windows, and called upon them to descend, and pledged them good treatment. Upon their neglect to do so, the Marshal attempted to ascend the stairs, whereupon an axe was hurled at him from above, and a gun fired from the window; the Marshal then fired a pistol, and his fire was returned by the negroes, of whom there were about a dozen, all well armed with fire-arms, axes and scythes. The Marshal and his party then withdrew from the house, and were again fired upon from the upper windows. The Marshal again read aloud his warrant, and Mr. Gorsuch entreated the slaves to surrender, promising them forgiveness for the past. During this parley, two white men, Elijah Lewis and Castnar Hanway, came up—a horn was sounded, and some eighty negroes rushed to the scene from the surrounding woods and cornfields, all were armed, many with *superior double-barreled fowling-pieces and costly pistols*, the rest with scythes, corn-cutters and clubs. The Marshal and his posse requested Lewis and Hanway to aid in making the arrest, and exhibited their warrant. This they read, and positively refused to lend their assistance—*upon this encouragement*, the negroes surrounded the Marshal and his party, raised a shout and fired upon them; Edward Gorsuch fell dead; Dickinson, his son, running to his aid, was shot down through the breast and lungs; Joshua Gorsuch received a shot in the head; Doctor Pierce was wounded in several places, and his clothing riddled with shot. The dead body of Edward Gorsuch was subsequently brutally mutilated by the negroes, and upwards of three hundred dollars taken from his pocket.

Such are the facts of this most unparalleled outrage, as detailed by the Scott "Whig *Tribune*" paper itself, of the 16th of September, 1851; facts sworn to and corroborated by numerous witnesses before Alderman Reigart, of the city of Lancaster, and the United States Commissioner, Ingraham, and subsequently at the trials in Philadelphia. Such were the deeds committed in the great Whig county of Lancaster, almost under the eye of the favourite Whig Governor of Pennsylvania, the great leader of *negroism*, and the devoted friend and stump advocate of Gen. Winfield Scott.

Of the thirty or forty individuals arrested and tried before the District Court of the United States, the Whig United States District Attorney, John W. Ashmead, *failed to convict a single one* of the crime of treason, or of *even resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law*; and be it remembered that the principal witnesses (in the custody of the Whig United States Marshal, who dined with the blacks in the jail of the commonwealth) were allowed to escape unpursued. Alderman Reigart arrested and committed some fifteen or seventeen prisoners for treason, on the evidence of a host of witnesses, and of the twenty others committed for the same crime by the United States Commissioner, Ingraham, *not a single individual was convicted, and this through a defect in the conduct of the suit at Philadelphia, and the escape of the principal witnesses*; and this, too, after the dictum of Judge Kane, that the offence charged was such, "levying war against the United States," as constituted the crime of treason; and, finally, that *no insult* to the rights of the South, to the laws of Congress, to the Constitution of the United States, or to common humanity, should be spared to stamp it the farce of justice. The Whig Grand Jurors, sitting in and for the great Whig county of Lancaster, IGNORED every bill of indictment, charging the prisoners with riot and murder, and every fanatic and negro criminal was discharged, without a conviction of the guilt of *even a breach of the peace*. Such were the lessons of resistance to the laws taught by those who nominated General Scott in Pennsylvania, and now advocate his election and will control his councils. Such are the bloody fruits of their teaching, and such is their faithfulness to the Constitution. Is anything further necessary to demonstrate that *General Scott is in the hands of the enemies of the South and the Union?* Such ruthless hands, too, that, hyena-like, "welcomed" their Maryland brethren to "hospitable graves," and reddened the green lanes and quiet valley of

Christiana!

—*Cor. of the (Baltimore) Republican and Argus.*

SLAVE TRADE BETWEEN THE STATES.

The New Orleans *Bulletin* [says the *Independent Democrat*] has a note-worthy article on this subject, in which it asserts the legal right of the slave States to prohibit slave emigration from another State, and strongly recommends that the extreme Southern States should pass laws prohibiting the introduction of slaves as merchandise from the more Northern slave States. The reasons of the recommendation are somewhat remarkable, and cannot fail to attract attention. They are thus set forth:

"It is a well known fact that an immense black emigration annually takes place from Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, tending Southwardly, and that tens of thousands of negroes are thus precipitated upon the cotton-growing States, every year, swelling, to an inconvenient extent, in many places, an already over-crowded population. It is also conceded, as a general thing, that more than one of the States mentioned will become free States as soon as a sufficient number of slaves shall have been disposed of to the people further South, just in the same manner that the States North of them got rid of Slavery—selling off all of their valuable negroes, thus turning their philanthropy into a source of profit. And that all follow suit at no very distant day, if the present system be allowed to continue, we have no sort of question.

"Supposing the four States named sell a sufficient number of their slaves to us to make abolition a source of profit, and then become free States, in what sort of a condition will we of the extreme South be left? Bad enough in all conscience. We will not only have lost about one-half of our representative influence diminishing destructively our weight in the councils of the nation, but also our physical ability to defend ourselves from aggression and insult, and at the same time will be overwhelmed with a description of population disproportioned to the advance of the country and requirements of agriculture or manufacturing.

"How would we prevent the approach of such a state of things? By prohibiting, under severe pains and penalties, the emigration of negroes from any of the Northern Slave States. Such a prohibition would be followed by good results. In the first place, it would continue the institution among them for an indefinite period, during which time they would be necessarily our friends and supporters. In the second place, if they ever determined upon emancipation, they would be compelled to become philanthropists at their own expense, not at ours, as will be the case if the present game be not stopped. In the third place, when such an event occurs, we will not be over-burthened with vast numbers of blacks for which we would really have no important use, and would be, in that respect, more capable of taking care of ourselves."

THE KIDNAPPERS HUMBUGGED BY A FUGITIVE SLAVE.

Captain R. E. Orne, now of this city, late of Mississippi, has been travelling with his family, during the past summer, in the North-west. While sojourning at Galena, Ill., a coloured servant girl was enticed away by the Abolitionists and was not heard from until yesterday, when Captain Orne received a letter from a friend at the North, enclosing the following slip from the *Boston Liberator*, a rank abolition paper:

We copy the following item from the *Voice of the Fugitive*, of the 12th instant, published at Windsor, Canada West, by Henry Bibb:

"Bloomerism and Slavery. — Another female has just arrived in Canada, in male attire. She was brought from the State of Mississippi into the State of Illinois, as the chamber-maid of a slaveholding family. But she concluded on that occasion to leave them to nurse their own children, to black their own boots, and comb their own hair, or pay for having it done.

"The plan suggested to this female to escape, was to dress in her old master's suit, and start for Canada, while he was in bed asleep. She had not proceeded far before she found a friend in the town of Galena, Ill., who offered her a place of concealment and effectual aid, by which she escaped.

"The whole country around was soon filled with advertisements offering a reward for her apprehension. She learned from a person who had conversed with the slave-hunter, that on the next morning after her departure, the bell rung for passengers to get up and prepare for breakfast; when her old master went to dress himself, he could find no clothes to put on. He called loudly for his wife's maid servant to get his pants, &c.; but she was not to be found either, which caused no little stir and excitement. He declared he would not leave the place until she was recaptured. His name is Richard Evan Orne, of Memphis. Malinda Fountain is her name. She wishes to inform him that he need not wait any longer in Illinois for her company; that she is now in the enjoyment of *British Liberty*; and whenever she gets ready to return to *American Slavery*, she will let him know. This is the sixth person that has arrived here from Slavery within the present week."

Captain Orne informs us that the "Bloomer" part of the above story is a fabrication from the whole cloth—that, although he lost his servant, his wardrobe was intact. He further states that he made no extraordinary exertions to recapture the girl; that now, if he knew he could get her, he would not go after her; and that she is welcome to remain forever, if she choses, with her *British* friends in the enjoyment of "*British Liberty*," in Canada, which, after all, is well understood to be by no means preferable to "*American Slavery*."—*Memphis (Tenn.) Eagle and Enquirer.*

ESCAPE AND ARREST.

We have been informed that on Tuesday morning last, two intelligent mulatto boys, the property of Dr. Jones, of Charlotte, N. C., made their escape from service, and in possession of *free papers* (said to have been drawn up by themselves) secured their passage on the Charlotte Rail Road, as far as Columbia, the same day, on their way Northward. Dr. Jones observing their absence, suspected they had run away, and immediately put proper officers on the look out, who shortly succeeded in ascertaining that they had taken passage on the cars that day for Columbia; whereupon the Doctor immediately hastened to the head of the Rail Road and luckily found one of the Agents of the Company (Mr. Bouknight) at that point, who, very properly, at the solicitation of Dr. Jones, despatched a Locomotive for Columbia, as an express, accompanied with himself and Dr. Jones. They reached Columbia about 11 P. M. and with the assistance of Mr. Heise, one of the Conductors on the Road, and the Chief Marshal of Columbia, Mr. Sowden, the two coloured gents were very soon unexpectedly taken into custody and placed in the jail at Columbia. The whole transaction was properly managed, and the facilities afforded by Mr. Bouknight for the capture of the slaves is worthy of especial commendation.

But a short while since, two valuable servants of Mr. James F. Gamble, of this place, succeeded in reaching the outskirts of North Carolina, by writing their own passes, representing themselves as free boys, on their way to Ohio; but they were arrested on suspicion, and have been brought back.

And last summer there was a mulatto fellow taken up in this town who had been travelling for some time on our Railroads, as a Dutchman, and came very near satisfying his captors here that he was of German origin; though upon being put in jail a few days, he confessed that he was the slave of a Mr. Bynum of Orangeburg.

These occurrences, which are becoming frequent, we are persuaded are the work of an organized band of Abolitionists, who have their emissaries stationed throughout the South, to entice our slaves away from their owners; and therefore it becomes the duty of every true Southern man to arrest every negro who may be found travelling under the least suspicious circumstances.—*Fairfield (S. C.) Herald.*

CUBA AND SOLOUQUE.

Our readers must not suppose that we have any faith in the story so circumstantially told that the Spanish Government, despairing of retaining the Island of Cuba, is engaged in a negotiation to free all the blacks, and transfer the sovereignty of the Island to the negro emperor of Hayti. Spain cannot possibly counsel so infamous a crime and so monstrous a blunder. There is no other nation in Europe that would listen to the propositions she is said to have made; and the first hint of such a project, if she were mad enough to entertain it, would be signal for such opposition and alarms as would make her shrink from the wicked thought. In this age of christianity and civilization the suggestion of turning over so beautiful and fertile a spot, with half a million of white inhabitants, members, most of them, of the Catholic communion, to which the Spanish crown is a faithful, not to add a bigoted adherent, to the horrors of a black domination—a domination of the deepest ignorance, brutality and barbarism, mixed with gross idolatry and Paganism—is so revolting that no selfish interests of national rivalry or commercial gain could, we believe, reconcile it to a single government in Europe. The first breath of such a proposition would be wafted across the Atlantic by a thousand indignant voices; and the American Government, bound by the imminence of the danger to humanity, to civilization, to christianity, to the peace of its own borders, and the protection due to its own citizens and members, would find the emergency at hand in which it must redeem its oft-uttered declarations to the world, and interpose its whole strength to prevent such a catastrophe. Spain is not so insensible to the opinions of mankind as to contemplate an act of such unmitigated ferocity as that of making desolate, by so horrible a decree, the fairest of her possessions, merely because, in a time of entire peace, she is unable to govern it so as to secure the loyal affection of its inhabitants.

If she were insensible, which we will not suppose possible, to all considerations of humanity and religion, to the public opinion of mankind, and the danger of direct conflict with outraged races, which she will have provoked, there are considerations of interest—present tangible interest—which make it extremely improbable that she would indulge a wicked passion in a manner so costly to herself. Cuba is her richest possession. Its revenues form her largest source of income, and its fat offices her most prolific field of patronage for political favourites at home. If these must be parted with, there might possibly be, in some desperately wicked minds, a determination to involve all things in a common wreck, if no compensation were attainable. But Cuba is worth a hundred millions of dollars at least to the treasury of Spain, if she will consent to part with it. The Creoles would ensure her more money for a cession of the sovereignty to them. The United States would gladly pay at least that sum for a transfer to them. Faustin, of Hayti, has no such sums to give, and in his hands it would be worth nothing. Negro dominion could afford no security for advances, if any government or capitalist should be mad enough to assist him to the purchase; and none would do it, except with such views in regard to the United States as would make war on our part a duty of immediate self-protection. No: Spain is not going to throw away a hundred millions, or fifty millions, from mere malignity of purpose. She is not going to renew the horrors of St. Domingo at that cost to herself, from passion and revenge. Nor is a Catholic Government, and a civilized nation, going to extinguish the christian faith, extirpate a christian community, and give over a mixed race of more than a million to the philanthropy of the Toussaints and Christophes, and the pious incantations of the Obi-men. She is wiser, prouder and more humane than to stain Castilian honour with a crime so detestable. It is an idle story, not worth the trouble of demonstrating its absurdity.—*New Orleans Weekly Picayune.*

Insubordination of Negroes.—We perceive by the Virginia papers, that, within the last three months, a greater degree of insolence and resistance has been manifested by the negroes in every portion of the State, to the authority of their owners, than ever known before. The negroes attack their masters and overseers, when anything goes wrong with them; and in the settlement of the matter, such is the laxity of punishment generally, that the negroes are often the victors. The *Frederick (Va.) Herald*, says it knows of several instances of the kind referred to. Some negroes will not be chastised by their owners, and go so far as to resist any punishment from that quarter. The servants in the kitchen teach their children that the relative position of Master and slave does not of right exist, and that henceforth the word Mister is to be used instead of Master; and instead of addressing them in the terms heretofore known as father and mother among the blacks, require their children to call them ma and pa. This is no great thing in itself; but it is a sign of the times, and shows conclusively, that in this age of progress the ngroes are making progress too. The same paper says that it is now a debateable point as to which colour shall use the sidewalk and which give way. We also learn from our exchanges, that in the border States, there is very frequently a stampede among the negroes—large numbers going off together.

Now in the name of common sense, a common cause and a common fate, how can the people of the Southern States be so blind as not to see that this growing insubordination of the slaves is one of the consequences of the existing Union of slaveholding with non-slaveholding States? A Union of those who love and live by Slavery with those who hate and spurn it—yes, a Union of those who would fight for "*British Liberty*," in Canada, which, after all, is well understood to be by no means preferable to "*American Slavery*."—*Memphis (Tenn.) Eagle and Enquirer.*

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Selections.

THE AMERICAN COLONISATION SOCIETY.

It is of great importance to British Abolitionists who desire to labour for the overthrow of American Slavery, that they should have an intelligent acquaintance with the subject. The emancipation of 800,000 slaves in the British colonies was a glorious national achievement, willingly purchased at a prodigious expense of national treasure. But the West Indian slaveholders were removed many thousand miles from us, and the people of Great Britain and Ireland had no sympathy with them, and felt no interest in the maintenance of their system. In the United States the case is different. In the Southern States, Slavery is esteemed their most cherished institution—their palladium—a more important portion of their property than the land they live on. In the free States a large proportion of the merchants, traders, ministers of religion, and professional men are subject to the influence of the southern slaveocracy, who live by the unrewarded labours of their slaves, and having plenty of time on their hands, employ their leisure and their influence, with too much success, in moulding the politics and the public opinion of the Northern States to their own interest. The actual slaveholders, though not more than 150,000 in number, form by far the most compact "interest" in the United States; in unity of purpose and successful action far exceeding the power of any other, except that of the Romish clergy, in any civilized country. This being the case, we must not wonder that a very large proportion of the American travellers and tourists in these countries (and who, if not actually slaveholders, generally consider themselves directly or indirectly interested in its support) should openly or covertly defend Slavery, palliate its enormities, and undervalue, misrepresent, or malign the Abolitionists, who are labouring by all moral means to effect the overthrow of American Slavery.

It is often remarked, and we believe with truth, that Englishmen are habitually indifferent to, and ignorant of the internal arrangements and policy of all countries but their own. One unfortunate result of this ignorance is, that they are extremely liable to be decieved and mystified by the dishonest misrepresentations of all who have any object in doing so. This it is the manifest interest of all American slaveholders and defenders of Slavery to attempt; and a very easy task they find it to be. Englishmen who have never studied the facts respecting the existence and operation of American Slavery, are easily induced to look upon it as only a necessary evil, which the "liberty-loving, enlightened, religious" American people are most anxious to abolish—provided it can be done with safety and advantage to the slaves. When the English find that nearly all the great statesmen, divines, all the scientific and monied men—in fact, all the American *aristocracy* who come amongst us, palliate and apologize for Slavery, and denounce the Abolitionists as a set of impracticable, unreasonable fanatics; they readily join in the cry, and speedily become to all practical purposes as pro-slavery as the slaveholders, and readily follow any *red herring* those transatlantic gentlemen may set before them as a substitute for the abolition of Slavery. For example, they are told to look for the regeneration of the negro to the Colonisation Society, which panders to the American prejudice against colour, by shipping off as many of the hated race as can be got to Liberia—a black republic, under their patronage, on the west coast of Africa. The slaveholder is captivated by the society's offer to clear away from his neighbourhood the free people of colour, on whom he looks with dislike and apprehension, as dangerous company for his slaves; whilst some feeble opponents of Slavery are allured by the romantic prospect of the oppressed millions of coloured Americans being eventually deported to Liberia at the rate of a few hundreds a year, and set to work to civilize and christianise the race from whom their maternal ancestors are chiefly descended.

In No. 130 of Dickens' *Household Words* is an article on American Slavery, suggested by the marvellous popularity of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in which the traces of this imperfect information on the part of English writers are painfully evident. It is shown by a eulogy of Liberia and of the Colonization Society, which would never have been penned if the author had been correctly informed respecting the horror and dislike with which that Society and their favourite colony are viewed by the most intelligent coloured people in the United States, and by those who have devoted themselves to their elevation and improvement. The Colonisation Society has been in existence since 1817, just 35 years. It has found its chief supporters amongst slaveholders. The late Henry Clay was its President. It has had the countenance and pecuniary support of most of the religious bodies who shrunk from the Anti-Slavery cause on account of its uncompromising, unpopular character. And yet so slow has been the emigration of free coloured people from the United States to Africa (including liberated slaves, who were compelled to go there as one of the conditions of their manumission), that the whole number of American black emigrants does not amount to 10,000 souls. We believe it is not one-half that number. But let us take it at 10,000. This would be at the rate of about 300 a-year, and would take about 12,000 years for the deportation of the present coloured population of the United States, supposing there should be no further increase of their number, and that they shall all be liberated in order to get rid of them.

All these plans of sending the free coloured race to Liberia, or South America, or some remote corner of the boundless territories of the republic, are sheer moonshine, and are founded on the assumption that so long as blacks and whites live together, the White Christians must crow over, browbeat, insult and degrade the Black ones. Within the last twenty years, this horrible prejudice, so disgraceful to the humanity and religious profession of the American people, has greatly abated in the more abolitionized portions of the free States; and a degree of social equality is now conceded to people of colour, that presents a cheering contrast to the wanton brutality with which they were frequently treated, simply because God had made them of a different hue from their swaggering Anglo-Saxon neighbours. We see, from the columns of the *Times*, the *Household Words*, and the *Nation*, how successful the agents of the Colonisation scheme have been in persuading English writers that their plan is one of benevolent promise to the free coloured people in America. But the bait does not *take*—after angling for five and thirty years, the fish will not be caught in any quantities; and a few thousands of settlers are all that this place of expulsion from the presence of the whites can show as the result of a vast expenditure of money and pains on the part of the American people. This scheme is animated by a dislike to the free people of colour, and a desire to banish them from the land of their birth, in which they are as much entitled to remain as those who hate them, and where they are more thoroughly acclimated than their white half-brethren and sisters. It is not generally known in Europe how much of the best blood of the United States flows in the veins of slaves; how often the chivalrous slaveholders sell their own children; and that such men as Frederick Douglass and William Wells Brown are the sons of men as white as ourselves.—*Anti-Slavery Advocate.*

FUGITIVES IN CANADA.

For all Anti-Slavery and Humanity-loving Papers.

[illegible] manifest requirement of Christianity; and every enlightened Christian will rejoice in the liberation of so many thousands of human beings from Slavery, as are now enjoying comfortable homes in the land of the free.

Having a desire to become more acquainted with their condition and wants, I spent a week, lately, in Canada, among the fugitives—held meetings, talked to them, and heard them express their feelings.

It is known that there are contradictory reports abroad respecting their condition and wants, which fact may be explained in this way. There are two classes in Canada—one class, who are too lazy to work, and desirous of getting a name for benevolence, and withal a good place for themselves, are constantly forming Societies for this and that object, and sending out their agents to collect funds, the major part of which is used up on the officers and agents. The other class are opposed to the whole system of begging, and determined to "support themselves," and thus throw back upon their enemies the infamous slander, that they can't get along without a driver and a lash.

The former class, by their agents, represent the fugitives as being in a miserable and suffering condition, and greatly needing assistance to clothe and keep them from starving. The other class say these representations are false—that among the fugitives, as a whole, there is not more suffering than in white communities, and in new settlements. It is affirmed boldly, by them, that no adult man or woman of health need suffer in Canada; that work and good wages can be obtained by almost every one, as soon as they land. And if they are industrious, energetic and economical, they can, in a few years, obtain comfortable farms, and be perfectly independent.

They feel that they have been greatly disgraced by this begging, and say that it is the greatest curse that has befallen them since their liberation from Slavery. They gave their testimony against it, and wished me also to lift my voice in exposition of the egregious deceptions that are practised upon a sympathizing and benevolent public.

I attended a large meeting, on the Plains at the Camp ground, some twelve or fourteen miles back from Awherstburgh, and was pleased to see and hear so many ministers and people express themselves very decidedly in their detestation of the system. At a public meeting in New Canaan, there was a unanimous voice in condemnation of the whole system.

After free expression of feelings, the following resolutions were adopted without a dissenting voice:

1. Resolved, That we wholly disapprove of the whole system of sending out agents, to beg assistance for the fugitives in Canada.

2. Resolved, That it has done us more evil than anything else that has occurred to us since we escaped from bondage.

3. Resolved, That we advise our friends in the United States, every where to discountenance every agent sent out from Canada, to beg for clothes, money, &c.

4. Resolved, That we ask for *no assistance* except in sustaining the Gospel and Schools among us. Clothes for the children, sent to the various authorized teachers, we need and will thankfully receive.

In support of the principles contained in the foregoing, the following remarks were made by one of their most prominent, influential men. I give the substance, for he made a long speech.

"The fugitives are misrepresented by these agents, who speak of them as poor, starving, naked, not able to get any work, living in a cold, unpleasant country, &c. I have seen this course going on for five years; and I am bold to say that every person who will labour, can get an honest and virtuous living. It is meanness to represent us as these agents represent us. I abhor it, in my deepest soul. There never has been but one curse thrown on us, which is worse than this, viz., Slavery. It is doing us more evil than anything else; and has given our enemies occasion to reproach us, saying, 'There, we told you it would be just so, that they could not take care of themselves, and would be obliged to depend on others for a support;' and we mean to show them that we can support ourselves, now that we are in a land where the laws secure to us our rights and earnings. It is enough for our Abolition friends, if they will help to sustain schools, till we can get established, our lands paid for, and we get started. We only need children's clothes; they should not be too free, and should be sent to our regular authorized teachers.

"I have travelled from New York to Florida, and I have seen no land where I can get a living as well as here. We cannot hope to have union among us here untill this begging system is stopped. It causes more ill feeling and division than anything else. *Every time you beg, you curse God, who has given you this good land.* If you can't take care of yourselves here, you have no more business to be a free man than I have to be a monkey! If you will do yourselves any good, buy your own land, settle down, and make homes for yourselves.

"We commission you, sir (addressing me), to go into the States and lift your voice, everywhere, against this whole begging system.

"Jones (W. Jones, a leader of the begging system) said he would not work for a living—he would get it without. Carter (another) said 'They owe us, and we must have our pay.'"

Another man, one of their Preachers, and a good man, said, "This begging has proved a curse instead of a blessing. Numbers of men have got rich on it, and above work. If any of my friends are disposed to help me pay for my lands, and assist me in any way, I will be thankful, but never let an agent be sent out. We must cut off all agents. We can live."

I am knowing to the fact that many, probably a majority, of the Fugitives in Canada would give utterance to similar sentiments, if opportunity should offer. The Missionaries, with the exception of Isaac J. Rice, if I am rightly informed, are against the begging system, and say they do not want any clothes sent for *adults*; they make them more difficulty than any thing else. I heard them say respecting a barrel of clothing, "I want nothing to do with it—I have had trouble enough from that cause. We only want clothes for *children*, from the age of five to eighten years—for male and female."

The "Refuge Home Society" is worthy of patronage, and will prove a great help to them—but friends should be aware how they give countenance to the numerous coloured agents from Canada. I have more to write, but must defer it till another time.

☞Will all editors favourable to the fugitive please copy this? It is desirable that these facts should be made as public as possible, that the public mind may be disabused respecting this despised class, and the mouths of opposers stopped.

George Thompson.

—*Oberlin Evangelist.*

ADDRESS OF THE YEARLY MEETING OF THE *RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS*,

Held in the City of New York, in the Sixth Month, 1852,

To the Professors of Christianity in the United States,

ON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY.

The religious Society of Friends is known to the community as a people entertaining a conscientious conviction of the incompatibility of Slavery with the spirit and precepts of the Gospel; and under this conviction they have at different times appeared before the public in advocacy of the cause of liberty as the inalienable right of all men.

We feel engaged once more to invite the attention of our fellow citizens—professors of the benign religion of Jesus Christ, whose office it was prophetically declared should be "to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound," to a serious consideration of this subject.

There can be no doubt that the Church of Christ is designed to occupy a very elevated position as relates to purity and uprightness, and to exert through its teaching and example a purifying influence in the world; that the members of it should be distinguished by a scrupulous observance of the moral and social duties, agreeably to the language of prophecy—"He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

Our Holy Redeemer, in his public ministrations while on the earth, was engaged impressively to set before his followers the high position in which they were to stand, and the weight of responsibility that would rest upon them. "Ye are the light of the world," said he. "A city that is set on a hill, cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candle-stick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

It becomes then a very interesting inquiry, whether the Christian Church in the present day does indeed stand in that elevated position, which is represented by the figure of "a city that is set on a hill?" Whether the light which it diffuses is of that pure and holy character, that will induce others to glorify our "Father which is in heaven?"

If such an inquiry, scrupulously conducted, can leave on our minds the impression that the members of the Christian Church are in such a state that it may be truly said of them, in the language of the Apostle, that they "walk as children of light, proving what is acceptable unto the Lord, and have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness," then may we be comforted in the hope, that the blessing of the Lord will rest upon the Church, and upon our beloved country for its sake. For we are instructed by the highest authority to believe that the members of the Church, if standing in their proper allotments, "are the salt of the earth."

But if the proposed review should result in the conviction that the Church in the present day has, in some degree, fallen below the standing of its bright original, and that practices at variance with the principles of *justice* and *mercy* are tolerated in it, then is there not cause that it should be earnestly engaged to return to its first love, and to do its first works?

We are aware of the sensitive state of feeling respecting the subject of Slavery. It is our desire not to arouse angry discussion, nor to array one section of our country in hostile feeling against another. But in all soberness we would treat the subject as a question of right, and as in the presence of Him who is to be our judge, and who has solemnly forewarned us that he will regard the withholding of deeds of mercy from even the lowest of our fellow beings as being withheld from himself. "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

It will readily be admitted that all who take upon them the name of Christ are called to "depart from iniquity," and that the declaration, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people," is language full of truth. The Deity is represented in the Holy Scriptures as a Being infinite in power and wisdom, and perfect in justice, mercy, and love. The nature of man, his relation and responsibility to his Creator, and his duties to his fellow creatures, are also clearly defined therein. We are told that man was made in the image of God; that although finite in knowledge, and limited in power, he is called to imitate the Divine attributes in deeds of justice and mercy, and in works of love; that though the image of his Creator has been lost by transgression, it may be restored through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and by obedience to his precepts.

Of the precepts uttered by Him the following has been distinguished by the appellation of "the golden rule:" "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets."

Now if we compare the practice of enslaving our fellow-men, with this rule, and try it by this test, it is evident that the unhesitating verdict of conscience must be against it. If brought to bear upon ourselves and our posterity, we should certainly regard it as the greatest possible calamity—an act of oppression too heavy to be borne. And if we judge thus in our own case, by what rule, as Christians, should we judge in the case of others? We are warned in the sacred Scriptures against allowing our judgment to be warped by considerations of self-interest, or popularity. "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil, neither shalt thou speak in a cause to decline after many to wrest judgment."

That all mankind are the descendants of a common ancestor; that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth;" and that He is no respecter of persons; are truths prominently set forth in Holy Writ: and they appear to have been fully recognised in the Declaration on which

power to extend the area of slaveholding Territory, it may be found worth its while to look about it for regions over which Slavery can not be extended, but which may, nevertheless, come under the dominion of this Government. In the consideration of this possibility, or the other possibility—that the Union may, one day, be dissolved, and a Northern Republic be disposed to extend its borders—this question which is just now exciting some attention in Jamaica, is not without its interest.

At the meeting of the Jamaica Association, recently in Liverpool one of the speakers, a Mr. Smith, a Delegate from Jamaica, held the following language. He He was speaking of the failure of the British Government to enact discriminating duties in favour of free-labour sugar:

He really wished that they would leave Jamaica to her fate instead of only leaving her half-way. He really wished, as a party interested in the welfare and prosperity of that colony—and he spoke now not as a representative of others; he wished to guard himself; he did not desire to commit his colleagues or any man in Jamaica to the sentiments he was now going to give utterance to, but he spoke from himself and as of himself, that, seeing that Jamaica was perfectly unable to occupy her place in the race which she was destined to run—that she could not follow in the wake at ever so great a distance in the policy which it had been the wisdom of the country to adopt—as she might be compared to a boat which was being tugged by a powerful steamer through the waves and was therefore every moment in danger of being swamped, by reason of her not being able to maintain the pace—he really hoped, to carry out to simile, the people of England would cut the painter, and leave them to their fate; he wished that they would cut the painter and let them drift, and he told them that they would very soon drift to the United States of America, and the United States of America would be very glad to have them, and would do for them what the people of this country never would and never could do for them (hear, hear, hear). This country possessed colonies far more attractive than Jamaica. There was Australia and other places to which the youth of this country were rapidly moving; and therefore they could not expect from us any augmentation of that blood and of that race which were indispensable to bring prosperity to Jamaica. But, on the contrary, if this country absolved the island of Jamaica from her allegiance, she would become a most prosperous country, because she could receive the labouring population of the United States of America—not as slaves, but as freemen—and she would receive the important element of Anglo-Saxon energy. Then those estates which were at present almost worthless, would acquire a marketable value, which they never would possess whilst Jamaica remained a contingent of the British crown (hear, hear). He had spoken strongly upon this point, yet not more strongly than the case required. He did not wish to commit any one to his opinions, although they might be more largely entertained than the people of this country were willing to admit (hear, hear). He spoke as a man deeply interested in this question. He felt that it was made entirely a question of self-interest by the people of this country, and he must be permitted to look at it in the light of self-interest likewise (hear, hear). He did not abate one jot of loyalty to her Majesty; he did not admit that he was less royal than any person in her Majesty's dominions; but at the same time there was a limit to endurance when they were called upon to be dragged through the misery and degradation to which this colony was reduced by reason of the ruinous course of legislation which had been pursued; and when such was the case, the people and government of this country must expect that interested men would speak their sentiments (applause).

The (Kingston, Jamaica,) *Morning Journal*, thinks Mr. Smith's proposition of importance enough to be met and argued, a necessity which, we presume, the *Journal* would not think existed, if Mr. Smith did not speak the opinions of others beside himself. The two following articles are from that paper, and, perhaps, are the beginning of a discussion which may not end here:

Mr. William Smith is reported to have said at the meeting in Liverpool, that if England would absolve Jamaica from her allegiance she would become a most prosperous country; because she would receive the labouring population of the United States of America—not as slaves, but as free men—and she would receive the important element of Anglo Saxon energy. He is also made to say, that the estates which are at present worthless, would acquire a marketable value, which they never would possess, whilst Jamaica remained a contingent of the British Crown. We have great respect for Mr. Smith, and are willing to give him credit for considerable talent and energy of character, but we cannot agree with him in the opinion he is alleged to have expressed respecting the advantage to result from a termination of the connection between this island and Great Britain. Indeed, we are very much inclined to doubt the correctness of the reported speech, and to think Mr. Smith incapable of uttering statements so wild and fallacious as those alluded to.

When a gentleman, at a meeting such as the one at which Mr. Smith is said to have delivered the speech from which we have extracted the remarks above, expresses his wish that England would leave this island to its fate, and the opinion that absolution from allegiance, would prove its salvation, it would seem to follow *apriori*, or it may be assured that its inhabitants desire such separation. Mr. Smith, we are aware, has guarded against misapprehension. He has said that he spoke not as a representative of others, and, without intending to commit his colleagues, or any man in Jamaica to his sentiments—that indeed he spoke for himself. Still he was there, not as a private gentleman, and one simply interested in the welfare of the island. It was as a Delegate from it that he attended the meeting, and, as one of the Delegates, he intimated to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, previous to leaving London, that he was about to do so, and would communicate the result. Considering his connection with the island, and the circumstance under which he appeared at the meeting, it would not be going too far, nor would it be unreasonable in any one to conclude, that although avowedly speaking his own sentiments, he was also expressing the opinions of others. How we do not believe that any wish of the kind exists, or that any number of the inhabitants of this island desire the severance alluded to.

And, we may make this remark, in order to remove any impression of the kind if any such has been formed. Nor can we conceive why the advancement of Jamaica should depend so completely, or altogether, upon her connexion with America. Absolved from her allegiance to the British Crown, she could be received into the American Union only as a free State. Would America receive her as such? Whatever we may think or say respecting the termination of our connexion with England, and its commencement with America, it is worth inquiring, on what terms the latter would receive us. We know that a struggle has been going on in the United States for some considerable time past between the North and the South, or the free and the slave States and that the two parties are struggling the one to gain, the other to maintain, the ascendancy in the general Legislature. The annexation of Jamaica would be the subject of difference, and, it might chance that rather than receive her as a free State, she might be left to drift somewhere else, and find a parent where she best can. Nor is it by any means clear that Great Britain would release us from our allegiance even though we were unanimous in desiring it. There are difficulties then, in this mode of achieving prosperity, which require quite as much energy to overcome them, as would suffice to put matters right, without absolution from allegiance, or annexation to America, and in much less time too. Before we can be absolved from our allegiance we must be agreed among ourselves upon the question whether we shall demand it from the British Government. Those who know anything of the state of society, and of public feeling in this island, will perceive how utterly hopeless a task will it be to obtain this agreement. But supposing it obtained, what chance is there that the British Government will yield to any such request. Jamaica is much too valuable a dependency to be parted with, and particularly if she is to fall into the hands of Brother Jonathan. A dignified and polite refusal will be the answer to our request—and to this may be added a lecture upon the duty of subjects to their sovereign. Of course we shall not be prepared for any ulterior proceedings in such a case, nor would we encourage filibustering visitations from the land of Anglo-Saxon energy.

As there is so little prospect of our asking to be absolved from our allegiance, or of the British Government consenting to cast us off or to let us go, it is well worth enquiring whether we may not do something for ourselves in the way of making the country more prosperous.

Mr. Smith says Jamaica would become a prosperous country, because she could receive the labouring population of the United States of America—not as slaves, but as freemen. By the labouring population must be here meant the coloured people, whom the States are so anxious to get rid of, or so desirous to depart, and the slaves who are occasionally manumitted on condition of their leaving the country. Mr. Smith can mean no other, because he says, we should receive them not as slaves, but as freemen.

The first step to be taken in promoting the prosperity of the country, is evidently, in the opinion of Mr. Smith, to increase its population. The quarter, or the country whence this increased population is to be drawn, is the United States of America. The Americans have, and desire to get rid of those whom we want, and would willingly receive. Is it necessary for us to become incorporated into the great Republic to obtain them? Do the Americans object to their migrating to any other than an American State? The answer to these inquiries must be in the negative. The persons alluded to are allowed to go where they please out of the Union, and are in many instances sent to Liberia, at the cost of individuals.

What is it then that prevents Jamaica from possessing itself of this element of prosperity? The American Government will offer no objection to the free coloured Americans, or liberated negroes, coming to this island, and the British Government has actually called attention to the benefit to result from an addition to our population from the United States. If the people do not come, the fault is our own. We have never taken any means to induce them to come, and upon the heads of our legislators must rest the blame of neglecting to do what Mr. Smith thinks necessary to the prosperity of the island. It must appear exceedingly strange and inconsistent, in the eyes of cool, calculating Englishmen, that Mr. Smith, as one of the Delegates from Jamaica, should so express himself as to lead to the conclusion that one of the advantages to result to the island from connection with the United States, is the reception of the coloured Americans and emancipated negroes, and at the same time no attempt has been made by the island legislature to procure the migration of those persons into it. The island is to become prosperous under the United States Government, because of the transfer of these persons to it as freemen. This transfer will be permitted now, and may take place immediately. No means, however, are resorted to for promoting it, whilst £100,000 are sought to be borrowed for the purpose of bringing Coolies from our East India possessions or from China. The Americans will settle for life—the Coolies come for five or seven years, as the case may be—the cost of bringing the latter being considerably more than that of bringing the former. How can we blame parties in the mother country for carelessness and inattention to our sufferings and our wants, when we ourselves evince so little anxiety to promote our own welfare. If by receiving the labouring population of the United States of America—not as slaves, but as freemen—our island would become a most prosperous country, it follows that in neglecting to procure that population, we have neglected to promote the prosperity of the island. Mr. Smith's statement—or the statement which he is alleged to have made at the Liverpool meeting, places our legislators in a fix, out of which it will be difficult for them to get.

The future prosperity of Jamaica depends, as we have been told, upon three circumstances. 1st. Its separation from England. 2nd. Its receiving the labouring population of the United States of America as free men, and 3rd, Its also receiving from America the important element of Anglo Saxon energy. Of course, the inference from Mr. Smith's remark is, that this energy is wanting in Jamaica, and must be supplied before the island can improve.

We have, in alluding to the separation from England, and receiving from America its labouring population, observed how improbable it was that the former would consent to cut the Jamaica painter, and cast her off to drift on to the latter, and that some difficulties may be expected also to stand in the way of annexation, arising out of the fierce struggle which has been going on in the United States, on the subject of Slavery.

To this latter, Jamaica would be a valuable addition, and the Americans would be delighted in having such a half-way house between New York and Navy Bay, or Aspinwall. But great as would be the commercial advantages to arise from the possession of this beautiful island, the internal discord which her proposed connection as a free State would produce between the Northern and Southern States would be much greater. The South, we "guess," will never consent to secure such advantages at the risk of losing the majority which it has in the House of Representatives—a majority upon which the existence of Slavery depends—and the loss of which will peril the continuance of the Union.

But to return to the proposed increase of the important element of Anglo Saxon energy in this island. This increase, it would seem, must also be from the United States. America is to be everything to Jamaica. She is to supply her with a labouring population, and with Anglo Saxon energy. How it came to pass that Mr Smith omitted capital—a supply of the golden treasures of California—we cannot conceive. It wants this to complete the catalogue, to give the finishing artistic touch to the fancy picture which he has painted in the brightest colours upon the best Liverpool canvass. But why must Anglo Saxon energy come to us from America?

"This country (that is, England,) possessed colonies far more attractive than Jamaica. There was Australia and other places to which the youth of this country were readily moving, and therefore they could not expect from us any augmentation of that blood and that race which were indispensable to bring prosperity to Jamaica."

This latter possesses no attractions for Englishmen. There is nothing in it they can desire, so the English nation had better give up to the Americans. This is, no doubt, intended to be complimentary to our Republican friends. What Sir John Pakington will say to the novel proposal, we know not. We are just as willing to admit the necessity for a large infusion of Anglo energy as Mr. Smith is, and to us, whose home Jamaica is, and must continue, it matters very little whether it comes from England or from the United States of America. We cannot see, however, why this energy cannot be obtained without a transfer of allegiance, and the disruption of those ties which have so long existed. England, we are told by Mr. Smith himself, has brought Jamaica to her present condition, and this is the reason not for asking her to cut the painter and let her drift to America, but to repair the damage she has done.

A system of pride and extravagance has been fostered in the colonies by the conduct of the mother-country. This latter finds it necessary to change the policy which has for years existed, and to throw the former upon their own resources. What, under the circumstances, is the duty of those who are compelled to remain in them? Instead of allowing the vessel to drift at the mercy of the waves, and, perhaps, to be wrecked on the American shores, they should take in sail, make everything snug, and either continue their course under easy canvass, or lay to until it is ascertained what further can be done. We go to the Government at a time when it could do nothing, and was, indeed, uncertain how long it would exist as such, or whether it would survive the assembling of Parliament; and because we are told, as every reasonable person expected we should be, it could not comply with our requests, we are exceedingly irate, and are ready and willing to do all sorts of silly things. We have plenty of energy to do mischief, but none to put the affairs of the country in order. We want the labouring population of the United States, but will take no trouble, will use no means, to obtain them. Anglo Saxon energy is indispensable to bring prosperity to Jamaica we are told, and that energy is wasted in vain, and useless attempts to coerce the Government into compliance with our desires. Mr. Smith's remark would seem to imply that there is no energy in the country, and that we can do nothing without an augmentation of that blood, and of that race, which are indispensable to prosperity. We have said we should be glad of an infusion of this blood, of an increase of the energy alluded to. But we by no means admit that the latter is altogether wanting. There is energy, although it is misdirected, or directed to the attainment of unattainable ends. The prosperity of Jamaica will depend neither upon its connection with the United States of America, nor the proceedings of the British Parliament. The alteration of the Sugar Duties' Act will revive the energies of the men of Anglo Saxon blood, and race, and assist in righting the country. Its prosperity, however, requires something more certain and enduring than a distinctive duty of ten, or any given number of shillings per cwt. upon sugar. Those who fancy that a supply of immigrants, and distinctive duties, will do all that is required, will find themselves mistaken. The mass of the population must be operated upon and improved—the institutions of the country must be remodelled—and the future must be looked forward to and provided for.

Most, if not all, of the measures which have been attempted in this island for the last seven years, have been with a view to present benefit. There has been no legislation for the future. And the feeling now in the Legislature, so far as it can be ascertained, is the same. We hear of retrenchment, and of the impossibility of raising taxes for the support of the institutions of the country, even on the smallest scale to which it will be possible to reduce them, and we have no doubt we shall witness the exhibition of an immense amount of energy upon this subjects. But as to any well digested scheme for adapting our institutions to our circumstances—any plan whereby either agriculture or commerce may be encouraged—or parties may be induced to migrate to this island, and to make it their home—we hear nothing of such. It enters not into the minds of our Senators to conceive anything of the kind. It is troublesome to engage in any inquiry for this purpose, and easy, so very easy, to declare it impossible (!!) to proceed to the business of raising taxes for the support of the institutions, &c. After all, we are inclined to think Mr. Smith is, to a certain extent, right in his suggestion of the want of energy. Men who possess this latter, never talk of impossibilities, and the term, out of Jamaica, is fast losing its signification.

Hon. John P. Hale was in this city on Friday last, and was understood to consent to address the Free Democracy at a meeting to be held for the purpose, at the Chinese Museum; but he was suffering from a sore throat, which rendered it imprudent for him to speak, and for that reason he decided to hasten home. He left the city by the afternoon train for New Haven.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

††† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* Francis Jackson, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1852.

PIERCE ELECTED.

Though full returns of the popular vote on Tuesday are not yet received, enough is known to render it absolutely certain that the Whig ticket is defeated by a very large majority. We can hardly believe that anybody is surprised at this result, unless it be General Scott himself, who is said to have been sure of his own election. It is none the less true that a multitude of people, who persisted in hoping against hope, are wofully disappointed. The Whigs are overwhelmed with sorrow; the Locofocos are equally overwhelmed with joy; to complete the sentence and the picture, it may be added, that the Free Democrats and the Abolitionists are completely overwhelmed with the most utter indifference. For the cause they have at heart they had nothing to hope from the Whigs in power; and if they have anything to fear from the opposite party, that, in some measure, may be counter-balanced by what they may hope for from the Whigs defeated. Mr. Greeley has urged the South to elect Gen. Scott in self-defence, as the triumph of his rival would make Northern Abolitionists. The prediction, we hope, will do more credit to his foresight than the feeling which prompted it does to his honesty. At any rate, as we have often said, the Whigs are always best in opposition. Honesty they conceive to be the best policy, when there is a chance of its paying well, and can certainly lose them nothing. And, to do them strict justice, there is a sense of decency and honesty, and respectability about them, which, except under extraordinary temptation, preserves them from much that is base and vile to which a natural proclivity leads their opponents. It may be, as Mr. Webster, it is said, predicted, that the Whig party, from this moment, ceases to be. The men, however, continue to exist, and there are among them many wise and honourable, and honest men.

We shall not indulge now our faculty of vaticination, though the prospect for the next four years is wide and suggestive. We doubt, however, if the country is ruined, or that, let the Locofocos do what they will, the North, before another election, will rise in rebellion against the Slave-power. Nevertheless, we have great faith in events; and more positive aggressions, and more decided acts, are far more likely to come under the impending administration than if Scott had been elected. Those who make events do not always, nor, in politics even generally, guide them; and, though we know pretty certainly what the party in power may do, we do not know that out of their evil intentions may not come great good. They are dealing, it should be remembered, with twenty millions of people, many of whom are intelligent, and many more are not Locofocos.

Address of Friends.—We copy upon the first page of our this week's issue an Address of New York Friends upon the subject of Slavery. Accompanying the pamphlet was the following "Notice to Editors":

"Essays upon the subject of Slavery, when written in the spirit of the Gospel, instead of engendering strife and discord, will, as they are heeded, allay all angry feeling, and make way in the hearts of Christians for the admission of truth. Such being the tendency of the accompanying "Address," and such being the object of the Religious Society by whose authority it has been issued, the Committee of Publication solicit the attention of Editors and Publishers of Newspapers to it, with the hope that they will duly appreciate the motives of its authors, and be induced to lend their aid in disseminating *peaceable* arguments on this vital subject by giving it a place in their Periodicals.

"William B. Collins,
"Benjamin Tatham,
"William Wood.
"*Committee of Publication.*

"New York, 7 mo. 1, 1852."

As we joyfully accept any testimony against Slavery, from any quarter, so we publish this with great pleasure, and more especially as it comes from that body of professing Christians who, claiming more light than others upon this subject, are therefore the more responsible; but who have hitherto been quite as backward as the rest, if not more so, in using their influence against the system. The notice of the committee would seem to imply that essays upon Slavery have been written which were *not* written in the spirit of the Gospel, were *not* peaceable arguments, and *were* intended to engender strife and discord. Our reading upon this subject has been somewhat extensive, and has embraced a period of many years, yet we do not remember ever to have met with a single Essay of the character referred to by this Committee; and indeed we can not conceive of any appeal against oppression and wrong which shall not be in the spirit of the Gospel, unless it be one to arouse the slaves to a resort to arms. Have the Committee ever seen one of this character? We presume not; and we also take the liberty of presuming that in this notice they thought more of framing an excuse for their own tardiness and delinquency in this matter, than of being careful not to bear false witness against their neighbours. However, we cheerfully comply with their request—a request with which, we fear, none but acknowledged Anti-Slavery editors will comply—and publish their Address, with the sincere hope that Friends, at least, will read it, and that we shall see them hereafter actively engaged in Anti-Slavery work.

'Uncle Tom' at the South.—A book which attracts so much attention, and is exercising so deep an influence, both at home and abroad, as Mrs Stowe's 'Uncle Tom,' must needs find its way into the dark region of the South, sometimes, we may hope, to do good, often, we know, to be met with such welcome as always has been given to any sincere and efficient testimony against Slavery. We know personally of copies that have found their way to the extreme South, and have heard of single copies being kept in active though secret circulation in a circle of friends, all of whom awaited their turn impatiently, and read the book with great eagerness when it reached them. Its truthfulness, of course, is frequently denied, but is not unfrequently acknowledged. We have heard of one instance, though, of course, we cannot vouch for the truth of the story, where a lady openly avowed her intention of emancipating her slaves, after reading the book; and in another case—and here our information was more direct—we have heard of a slaveholder, in one of the Atlantic States, declaring that public opinion there would not tolerate such a brute as Legree, though he did not deny that his was a very possible existence at the South West.

The leading literary Periodical of the South has condescended to devote its pages, in a long review, to 'Uncle Tom,' and its slashing character has found such acceptance with the pro-slavery party here as to command a republication, in this city, in pamphlet form. Similar notices appear, from time to time, in Southern journals, according as they are blessed with ability and venom. Sometimes, however, there is one of another class, and one of this last we find in the Georgetown (Kentucky) *Herald*, of Oct. 28th, which is worth copying:

Uncle Tom's Cabin, by H. B. Stowe.

"Good books, like good actions, best explain themselves," and in the work before us the "good" is quite comprehensive enough to ensure its appreciation! but we are so accustomed to accounts of the "horrors of Slavery," we repeatedly have before us such lacerating descriptions of floggings and burnings to death, done under its black shadow, that it is necessary to explain that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" consists of no such dreadful details. It is as once an impartial statement of the case as regards Slavery, and a gracefully told tale of human life and human hearts, glowing with heavenly colours, and full of the force and power which nature and truth impart. The delineation of character is as simple as it is exquisite in its touches. In the "haughty southron" of New Orleans, of French and aristocratic English descent, with his generous sympathies and lavish liberality, as well as in the soul-grinding planter whose heart has reached the last stage of callosity in the exercise of irresponsible power, and no less in the serene but active and practical Quaker matron of the North than in the languid lady of the Italian latitudes, wearied to apathy by the satiety of wealth, we can trace the varied and combined influences of nature and circumstance. Character, whether in black, delicately discriminated by his gifted pen, the stern integrity and touching piety of the hero, "Uncle Tom," claim our sincere respect; the graceful and ingenious quadroons interest us immediately; the New England lady is a very ideal of respectable old maidenhood; and the natural drollery of the negro character admits a clown into the *corps dramatique*; while our tenderest sympathies are awakened by the trembling sensibility and angelic nature of the beautiful little Evangeline, and in each and all we recognise real portraits from the great gallery of nature. There are some most life-like home scenes and conversations, and the changes and turn of the letters are managed with an ease and grace which, with the elegance of the style, give the book a charm as a merely literary and artistic performance. We shall merely premise that the tale runs in so fluent a stream that detached extracts must needs lose much of their force and beauty when read apart from the "before and after."

Slavery in California.—The *California Christian Advocate* relates an incident which recently occurred in San Francisco, showing what things are done there under cover of the late Fugitive Slave Law of that State:

On last Thursday morning, just before the sailing of the steamer Golden Gate, the usual quiet of Belden street, in this city, was disturbed by a most remarkable affair, the thread of which seems as yet shrouded in mystery—probably in the mystery of iniquity.

It appears, as near as the facts have as yet been ascertained, that a coloured woman, named Louisa, had resided there for some time past, washing and cooking for several persons, and striving to make an honest living. She seems to have maintained a fair character in the neighbourhood. She had been a slave, however, and was brought to this country sometime in 1850, by Mrs. Reese, who keeps a boarding house on Dupont street. Louisa lived with Mrs. Reese for one year, when, owing to causes not necessary to relate, she left, agreeing to pay $800 to Mrs. R. for the year's time she still owed her. Since the passage of the State fugitive slave law, Louisa, it is said, had heard various rumours that she would be sent back to Slavery. But she confided in the integrity of her old mistress, and took no pains to keep herself out of the way. She considered also that the reports, if from the family, were only intended to stimulate her to pay the $800—two hundred, or more, of which she had already paid, and she was labouring successfully to secure the balance. Some flattering efforts, or more properly decoys, had been presented, to induce her to return to the States, but she had not listened to them.

On the day before the steamer sailed, we are told, on what we consider reliable authority, that she was requested to go to Mrs. Reese's early on the next morning—that is, on the morning the steamer sailed. She did not go, but put on her wash-water and was proceeding as usual with her daily avocations, when five men rushed unexpectedly upon her, seized her, and after a vigorous resistance, in which her dress was nearly torn off, captured her and hurried her into a carriage, which was standing in the street adjacent, and drove speedily away. A Scotch woman who was near, witnessing the horrible plight of the coloured woman, ran to fetch her another dress, but the carriage was gone, and only one or two persons happened to be near, who were confused and confounded by the circumstances, till the carriage was beyond reach. The five men were armed with revolvers. A number, ready to secure the full value of the woman to any claimant, ran to the boat, but, amid the denials, contradictions, and confusion of starting, nothing could be done. What adds to the mystery of the affair is that no process of law was observed. So far as we can learn, no warrant was obtained, nor was the woman taken before any justice of the peace or judge of any court. It is said, however, but we know not how truly, that a certain official of the city led on the chivalrous attack.

Another matter of mystery is, Mrs. Reese, the proper person and claimant (or her daughter) to move an arrest according to law, assures a friend of ours that she neither knew of nor authorized the arrest.

Under the State fugitive slave law, two coloured men who had been stewards on the Golden Gate were sent back to the States on the last trip. We suppose these will [illegible]

An account of another case, under the law, is given in the *San Francisco Herald*:

Fugitive Slave Case.—Justice Shepherd yesterday issued a warrant for the arrest of a mulatto woman, who was claimed as a fugitive from labour by T. T. Smith, of Jackson county, Missouri. She was brought to this country by the claimant, in 1850, and remained, together with a number of other slaves, in his family, until a few months since, when she married a free negro and escaped. Her owner heard of her arrival here, and came down in search. Being informed that she was secreted on board the ship Flying Cloud, he applied for a warrant, by virtue of which she was arrested and brought before Justice Shepherd, by whom, on satisfactory proof of title, she was remanded to the custody of Mr. Smith, to be conveyed to the State of Missouri.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL SLAVE HUNT.

A paragraph by Telegraph brought us the intelligence, last week, of the capture of several fugitive slaves at Sandusky, and of their subsequent release, through some legal informalities. The Sandusky *Commercial Register* of the 21st ultimo, gives the following particulars:

Our city was thrown into intense excitement last evening by an attempt to arrest two negro men, two negro women, and several children, on board the steamboat Arrow, at the moment of her departure for Detroit. Just before the boat left the dock, the women and their children were forcibly dragged on shore, and taken directly to the office of F. M. Follett, Mayor, by an individual claiming to own them, assisted by Mr. Rice, the City Marshal, who, we presume, was deceived by his title into the belief that his powers were co-extensive with those of the United States Marshal or one of his deputies.

The Mayor's office was instantly filled by a crowd of anxious and excited spectators, among whom were more than twenty blacks. A number of both blacks and whites had clubs in their hands, and much confusion prevailed.

R. R. Sloane, Esq., was employed by the coloured persons of the city as counsel for the alleged fugitives. After waiting nearly half an hour for some movement to be made by the claimant, as provided under the Fugitive Slave Law, Mr. Sloane inquired if Mr. Rice was in the room? After a little delay, Mr. R. came forward; and in reply to an inquiry from Mr. Sloane, as to whether the woman and children were in his custody, he said that they were not. Mr. S. then inquired if the negroes were in the custody of any United States officer, or Commissioner within the room? No reply was made. Mr. S. then demanded that the warrants or writs, by authority of which the alleged fugitives were detained, should be produced. To this demand, Mr. Rice replied that there were none; whereupon Mr. Sloane demanded to be informed if there were *any* papers or evidences under which the women and her children were detained. To this demand, also, there was no reply. Mr. Sloane then turned to the coloured people in the room and intimated that there appeared to be nothing which required their detention. Immediately the entire assemblage rushed to the door, and, while crowding out, a man claiming to be the owner of the negroes, who had been standing near Mr. Sloane during the entire proceedings, said to him: "Here are the papers—I own the negroes—I'll hold you individually responsible for their escape." At the same time he said to Mr. Rice: "I gave you the papers once, and will hold you, too, responsible, for you might have stopped them!"

The above is a statement of the facts, as we have derived them from several citizens present during the whole transaction, and we presume it is substantially correct. If so the mode of proceeding on the part of the claimant, and of Mr. Marshal Rice, was certainly a singular one—not even approximating to the requirements of the Fugitive Slave Law. It will be perceived that Mr. Sloane's interrogatories gave the claimant an opportunity to produce the testimony sustaining his claim, and the legal authority for the detention of the negroes, neither of which was done. Besides, the seizure was not made by the proper officer (the United States Marshal or Deputy Marshal), whose official act would, of itself, have been sufficient authority, without any exhibition of their papers. In this case, as far as could be ascertained at the time, none of those persons seeking to detain the negroes, had any authority to do so. Nor were they brought before an United States Commissioner for a hearing "forthwith," as provided for by the law.

It is proper to added, that, in our opinion, the course pursued by Mr. Sloane, the counsel for the negroes, indicated no desire to violate the law or its provisions; but that if the individuals, thus informally detained, had been arrested by the proper authorities and arraigned before a competent tribunal, both parties would have had a fair hearing.

From the *Sandusky Mirror* we learn something further of this affair, and of its final result:

For some time past, there has been two men, apparently professional slave-catchers, awaiting in our city, on the look out for runaway slaves. Last evening, 7 blacks, consisting of men, women and children, came in on the cars. As they were about proceeding on board of the evening boat, they were stopped by these men, assisted by three other men from Kentucky, who claimed to be owners, or attorneys for the owners of the blacks, and by O Rice, the Marshal of Sandusky City. Some of the by-standers manifested a disposition to interfere, and one young man collared one of the Kentuckians. Two of the southrons apparently fearing a general fight, took to their heels. The others stood their ground, and the City Marshal flourished his cane and called for peace and order. The by-standers supposing he was making the arrest under legal authority, attempted no farther interference. Meantime two of the blacks had fled and probably escaped on some of the steamboats that were just leaving the dock.

The other five were marched up to the Mayor's office. Here it was discovered by the Attorney for the blacks, Rush R. Sloane, Esq., that the claimants and Marshal Rice had no warrant from a commissioner, and apparently no more authority than any other citizen for making the arrest. This information was intimated to those present. Instantly, the coloured people who had gathered round, hustled the fugitives out of the room and down stairs, and they fled. The Kentuckians inquired of Mr. Sloane his name and gave notice that they held him responsible for the slaves. He gave them the consoling reply that he was "good for it."

The fugitives meantime, it is said, took a sail boat for Canada, the evening steamboats having previously left. The slave-hunters were unable to find a sailor in the city, to their honour be it said, who would go himself or permit his vessel or boat to be used in pursuit. A portion of them then left for Huron, it is reported, with a view to get a boat and try to intercept the fugitives before they reach Canada.

Although great excitement prevailed in the community, and the Southerners freely flourished their pistols and bowie knives, they did not use them and nobody was hurt, though threats were made with considerable freedom.

The most interesting incident connected with the transaction is thus related by one of the Sandusky papers. It is quite worthy of the next Anti-Slavery novel:

Last evening as the slave-hunters were arresting the fugitives from Slavery, on the Mad River dock, one of them seized hold of a young woman with an infant child, eight or nine months old, in her arms. She jerked loose from him, ran some steps, threw the child upon the ground and returned toward the slave-catcher. She was seized and marched toward the Mayor's office. The child was picked up by one of our citizens. One of the Kentuckians claimed to be the owner. Mr. B. refused to give up the child without evidence. The infant was taken to the mother, who, supposing herself doomed again to Slavery, disowned it—denied in the most positive terms that it was her child. To own her offspring was to doom the child to Slavery; to disown and desert it, she hoped, was to allow the dearest treasure of her heart to grow up, breathing the air of freedom. For this she stood nobly ready to dismember the ties of such affection as a mother only knows, and leave to chance, or other hands, the rearing of the infant, dearer than life itself. Truly a mother's love, though an ignorant and uncultivated slave mother,

"Lives before life, with death dies not, but seems
The very substance of immortal dreams."

The Jerry Rescue Cases.—We briefly announced, last week, that the Jerry Rescue Cases, before the U. S. Court at Albany, had gone over to the January term. We copy, from the *Albany Register*, the final proceedings in the case, as every step is of personal interest to some of our readers:

Justice Nelson said the Court had had the time at which these cases should be tried under advisement. A term of U S. Circuit, for Southern New York, commenced to-day, and his presence would be necessary there to-morrow (Tuesday) morning, not only on account of the public interests, but on account of the interests of private suitors. It would therefore be necessary—as one week of the present session of the Court had already elapsed—to put over the causes to the next session of the Court, or to an adjourned session.

Mr. Hillis, of counsel for defendants, suggested that the distance from Syracuse to Canandaigua was but about half that to Albany; and that, as the defendants, witnesses and counsel were all at Syracuse, and as the government witnesses resided there also, it would be a very great saving of expense all around to have the trials come off at Canandaigua, in June, at the next regular term of the Circuit.

Mr. Stevens suggested that these cases, at that term, would interfere with the interests of private suitors.

After some further conversation, it was decided that the cases be set down for an adjourned session of the Circuit Court, to be held at Albany (by Judge Hall), on the 4th Tuesday of January next.

The defendants were therefore discharged, to appear in January—their present recognizances being good for their appearance.

Cuba and the United States.—The *Tribune* says that the correspondent of the *Kolnische Zeitung* writes under date of October 3d, that he knows from a sure source that the American Ambassador at that Court has lately renewed the offer of $180,000,000 made under Mr. Polk's administration, for the island of Cuba. The Ministry, after having made the matter the subject of special deliberation, replied that Spain no longer thought of parting with the island, but would employ her utmost power to keep it. As for the attempts of the filibusters to which the Ambassador had alluded in making his proposal, he no longer feared them, but was ready to suppress them as they should be made. The army in the island was strong, loyal and trustworthy, and the civil officers would prove faithful to the last. The reply concluded by requesting the Ambassador not to renew the proposal. The general belief at Madrid, says the writer, is that the filibustering reports are got up by the American Government, in order to induce Spain to sell the island. Accordingly, this reply of the Minister's gives general satisfaction to the public of that City.

Mr. Webster on the Whig Nomination.—Whether Mr. Webster did or did not write a letter, just before his death, recommending to his friends the support of the Whig Nominations, has been a point warmly discussed, during the past week, in both Whig and Democratic papers. Those of the former who have been specially interested in establishing the fact, insist that the letter was written by Mr. Webster's own hand, and given to another to copy, but that this was not done in time for him to affix his signature to it. On the other hand, it is insisted that a letter not signed is nobody's letter, and that therefore Mr. Webster did not do that which is claimed for him. Moreover, the publication of the document, with or without signature, is called for, which demand, as yet, has not been complied with. In the meantime, in this city, at least, the Webster electoral ticket was distributed among voters, and canvassed for by the Committee, though, like the letter itself, the virtue had departed from it, for want of the name of Mr. Webster.

Settlement of the Cuban Difficulty.—A Telegraph Dispatch from New Orleans announces an arrival at that port, reporting the arrival of the U. S. Sloop of War Powhattan at Havana, with Judge Conkling, the newly appointed Minister to Mexico, on board. Judge Conkling had had an interview with the Captain General in relation to the recent difficulty with the 'Crescent City,' and a satisfactory arrangement has been entered into whereby that steamer is to be permitted hereafter to land her mails and passengers, but that Mr. Smith—meaning, not Mr. Smith generally, but only Mr. Smith the purser—is not to be allowed to come ashore.

The Captain General, it is also stated, has acknowledged that he acted too hastily, and expresses a willingness to make a suitable apology to the American Government; but he insists that Mr. Smith shall not land at Havana, and that gentleman, it is supposed, will retire into the various positions and characters in which he has heretofore been undistinguished.

Filibustering Expedition to Hayti.—The *Herald* says it is informed on respectable authority that two Americans, officers of the army of the Dominican Republic, in the Island of Hayti, have made arrangements in this country for the purchase of a steamer, in which it is proposed, to take a large number of emigrants to Dominica. It is further stated that eight hundred men have already enlisted for this enterprise, the ultimate purpose of which, no doubt, is to gain possession of one end of the Island, with reference to the future conquest of the whole of it. His Highness, Faustin the First, will, we think, take good care of them if they venture within his dominions.

Hon. Edward Everett is announced as the successor of Daniel Webster as Secretary of State.

Anecdote of Mr. Webster.—The editor of the *Boston Atlas*, in a long article upon the death of Mr. Webster, tells this anecdote:

It was our fortune to pass several days at his home in Marshfield, some six or eight years ago, and well we remember one beautiful night, when the heavens seemed to be studded with countless myriads of stars, that about 9 o'clock in the evening we walked out, and he stood beneath the beautiful weeping elm which raises its majestic form within a few paces of his dwelling, and looking up through the leafy branches, he appeared for several minutes to be wrapped in deep thought, and at length, as if the scene, so soft and beautiful, had suggested the lines, he quoted certain verses of the eighth Psalm, beginning with the words: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour," &c. The deep, low tone in which he repeated these inspired words, and the deep wrapped attention with which he gazed up through the branches of the elm, struck us with a feeling of greater awe and solemnity than we ever felt, when in a year or two later, we visited some of the most magnificent cathedrals of the old world, venerable with the ivy of centuries, and mellowed with the glories of a daily church service for a thousand years. He was thinking then of that far distant world, wherein it is promised that the good of this life shall live forever and ever.

The Washington Correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun* relates the following:

Returning home on a star light evening, arm-in-arm with a friend, not long since, Mr. Webster suddenly halted, and looking upwards, made a beautiful remark on the appearance of the spangled sky, which he concluded by repeating the whole of the eighth psalm, in which the sweet singer of Isreal so sublimely describes the glories of the heavenly bodies,

Mr. Webster seems to have been fond of repeating the eighth psalm.

The papers, for the last week, have been crowded with biographical sketches, Memoirs and detached anecdotes of the late Daniel Webster, as well as descriptions of the ceremonies with which he was consigned to his last resting-place. His funeral was on Friday last, from his home in Marshfield, and he was deposited, with his first wife, his children and grandchildren, in a tomb recently built by himself at that place. The number of persons present on that day is estimated to have been near ten thousand.

A Brute.—A Dispatch by Telegraph from Norfolk, Va., says that the Schooner Cora Ann Lindsay, from Newbern for New York, put in there to land a slave

If there be any weak points in Mr. Webster's character, his flatterers have done their best to provoke an inquiry into them and a discussion of them. If he had any frailties, and they should should now be "drawn from their dread abode" to be the theme of idle gossip or scurrile jest, it is those flatterers only that are responsible for it.

A very general disgust has also been felt, not merely by those who have an ill opinion of Mr. Webster, but by many of his warmest admirers, at the indecorous exposure through the press of his last opiated and dying moments. Surely, there should be one hour even of a public man's life that should be free from the prying of Reporters and sheltered from the prurient curiosity of penny-a-liners and their patrons—and that is the hour that ends it. The curtains of the death-bed, even of a great and good man, one would think, might be kept drawn between him and the world he is leaving. Everybody has read those accounts and every one can judge for himself of the character of the scenes described in them. But however interesting or edifying any one may incline to think them, that they should have been reserved for the consolation of the circle of nearest relatives and friends that surrounded the dying-bed is the opinion of very many besides me. The funeral was very numerously attended, special trains and steamers being provided for the purpose and every livery-horse in Boston hired for the occasion. And, of course, the whole country-side, for twenty-miles round, was there. It was estimated that there were ten thousand persons on the ground. A number, I should judge, within the truth, inasmuch as we have had as many as that at one or two of our Anti-Slavery Mass Meetings in the Old Colony.

The streets of Boston presented an odd contrast between the emblems of woe that hung from every wall and the animated crowds that filled them. It was like the Fourth of July or some other holiday when every house pours forth its inhabitants to see what is to be seen. The decorations of many of the houses and shops were very well got up. Some, of course, were absurd, such as the inscription on the flag from the *Times* Office, I think—"His Death will Eclipse the Gaiety of Nations!" Certainly, a very queer application of Dr. Johnson's touching and appropriate eulogy on Garrick. "But what are the hopes of man! I am disappointed by that stroke of death which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the stock of harmless pleasure." A very suitable exclamation at the death of a great actor, but rather an odd one at that of a Statesman. Almost every variety of praise had been exhausted in describing Mr. Webster; but this genius deserves the credit of ingenuity in discovering that he had promoted "the gaiety of nations!" Perhaps, too, the application might be open to the criticism made on the original, that the subject of it had not been the cause of gaiety to more than *one* nation, to wit, England; which was met by the reply (from Boswell, I think) that Scotland and Ireland should be included, which would satisfy the plurality of the proposition. Perhaps, we should regard the several States as Sovereign Nations, in this case, and that will crush the cavil forever.

It is said that there never was a time when the Whigs of Boston were in such a mess as just now. They hate one another with more than a *thrologic* hatred. The severity of the Scott papers and leaders towards the bolters, however natural and just, has exasperated them to the last degree, and they will rejoice in the defeat of Scott for the disappointment it will give his supporters. The Meeting in Faneuil Hall to take measures for future honours to Mr. Webster's memory was taken possession of by the Webster faction, and out of the large Committee (of a hundred I believe), only four or five were Scott men. Mr Everett has been selected to deliver the Eulogy; but whether he would have been had he then written the letter in which he says that General Scott "possesses qualities, and is governed by principles peculiarly called for," at the present time, is, in my judgment "*dubious*, if not *doubtful*." But is it not delicious to see the confusion and disgrace which the men have brought upon themselves who made themselves part and parcel of Mr. Webster's Seventh of March Iniquity, in the hope of making him President? Who hounded out poor Sims as an electioneering trick in the same direction? It is almost too good to be true. Then Mr. Wright's two trials have been singularly unlucky for them. They were fixed respectively for the week before the Convention, and that before the Election, that his conviction might operate favourably at the South, and the failure of the jury to agree in the first, and their agreement to acquit in the second, has been another affliction to their righteous souls. I trust they may be afflicted a great deal more in the same way, until it works a Repentance (not like that they feel now,

"Not that they murdered, but that they were taken!"),

but a Repentance that will not need to be repented of.

—D. Y.

Miscellaneous News.

MICHIGAN STATE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

Pursuant to a Call issued through the Anti-Slavery *Bugle*, a State Convention assembled at Odd Fellows' Hall at Adrian, on Saturday, the 16th inst., at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

The meeting was called to order by Jacob Walton, of Raisin, and the following persons were elected officers of the Convention.

President—Thomas Chandler, Raisin.

Vice-Presidents—Richard B. Glazier, Ann Arbor; Edwin Fuller, Plymouth.

Secretaries—Robert B. Glazier, Ann Arbor; Maria L. Mott, Hickory Grove.

Committee on Business—Parker Pillsbury, New Hampshire; Ephram Rulin, Tecumseh; Laura Haviland, Raisin; and Jacob Volland, Ann Arbor.

Finance Committee—Jacob Walton, William Ward, Samuel Hayball, of Adrian, and Richard B. Merrit, of Battle Creek.

The meeting was then addressed at some length by Parker Pillsbury, on the nature and character of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise. His remarks were listened to with much attention by the audience. Elder Tripp, of Franklin, howeve , took exceptions to what he called the too-sweeping censures of the church.

The Convention voted that its sessions commence at ten, A.M., and half-past six, evening The meeting was then adjourned.

AFTERNOON.

At two o'clock the Convention was called to order by the President. An anti-slavery song was sung by Mrs. Josephine Griffing, of Ohio, and Miss Almira White, her sister, from Connecticut. After which the Business Committee, through its chairman, reported the following Resolutions.

1. Resolved, That our warfare as Abolitionists, is not merely for provisos against the extension of slavery—nor a protest against wars and other means of acquiring slave territory—it is not for the doctrine that "Freedom is National and Slavery Sectional," nor for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, the writ of Habeas Corpus, or the right of Jury Trial for Fugitive Slaves—but we do wage exterminating war upon the doctrine that man can anywhere, under any possible or conceivable circumstances, hold property in a fellow man.

2. Resolved, That our controversy with this government is not because, it is a government but because it wields a power more despotic than the most absolute monarch of Europe, over a sixth part of the people who are held as slaves—whose oppression begins where Irish vassalage, Hungarian subjection, and Russian serfdom end—and from thence sinks them down from brotherhood with angels, to companionship with brute beasts, and to the same dead level in importance with the soil on which they tread.

3. Resolved, That our conflict with the churches and ministers, is not about the order of a church or ministry, as such—nor do we as Abolitionists, ever inquire who ordained them such—nor contend with them about creeds, covenants, catechisms, or baptisms—scriptures, sacraments or sabbaths—but we do, and by the grace of God, ever will resist and oppose a religion, whose ministers or professors, breed, buy, sell or hold slaves—or who will make or hold any religious or governmental union with those who do such things, more than they would make and hold with Spanish buccaneers, or Algerine pirates, who only seek the goods of their victims, leaving them their manhood, marriage, wives, children, bodies and souls, untouched and unimpaired.

The Resolutions were advocated by Mrs. Josephine Griffing, in a very able and deeply impressive address, by Parker Pillsbury, Jacob Volland, Jere. Dolbier, and others.

Before the vote on the Resolutions, the Business Committee reported the following:

1. Resolved, That a State Central Anti-Slavery Commitee of not less than sixteen be formed, a Quorum of whom shall reside in or near Adrian, and consist of not less than seven, whose duty shall be to exercise a superintendence over the interests of the cause in this State, in auxiliarship as far as may be with the Western and American Anti Slavery Societies—and who shall endeavor to develope as fast as possible, the spirit of Freedom in the State, by employing and encouraging suitable agents either from abroad, or if practicable, from among our own inhabitants, to travel and lecture, sell books and circulate the Anti-Slavery *Bugle*, and other strictly Anti-Slavery papers, and solicit funds to be extended in the promotion of the work. And it shall also be the duty of this Committee, to call the next State Convention at such place, and at such time within the year as they shall deem will best subserve the interests of the cause—and to make suitable arrangements for holding the same—and to desire and carry into effect any plans and instrumentalities within their power, to disseminate the principles of uncompromising Anti-Slavery, and to hasten the downfall of the Southern slave system.

This Resolution was considered and supported by Parker Pillsbury, and was voted with great unanimity and spirit. The Convention then appointed Richard Illinden, Jacob Walton, and Richard Glazier, jr., a Committee to nominate the State Central Committee proposed in the Resolution.

The meeting then adjourned until half-past six in the evening.

SATURDAY—EVENING SESSION.

At seven o'clock the chair was taken by Richard B. Glazier, one of the Vice-Presidents, and a song was sung. The Convention proceeded to business. The discussions were resumed on the 1st 2nd and 3rd Resolutions. Josephine Griffing and Parker Pillsbury occupied the evening, at the close which, the Resolutions were voted unanimously.

SUNDAY MORNING, Oct. 17th.

The Convention was called to order by the President. An Anti-Slavery song was sung. Richard Illinden and Josephine Griffing were appointed a committee to procure subscribers for the A. S. *Bugle*, after which the Business Committee reported the two Resolutions following.

5. Resolved, That the religion of the American Church in all its great and popular denominations, is an utter denial of the true God and his government—a worship of creeds and catechisms, and a trampling of the poor, the widow, the fatherless in the dust. It prays to God on Sunday, and in the person of his children, sells him at public auction, or drives him with its whip of twisted scorpions, all the rest of the week, to unpaid and unpitied toil. It denies the felicities of the family relation, and treads marriage, with all its holy sanctions, under foot. It withholds the Bible and a knowledge of all books from a sixth part of the nation, and degrades God's own image to a loathsome beast.

6. Resolved, That with such a religion we have no fellowship, we will oppose it with every rightful power and faculty we possess. Nor will we make exception of any who are not excepted or rejected by such a church; we will regard a good standing in any such organization, as evidence of all knowledge of true and undefiled religion, or else of hatred to its requirements—and so either *heathenism* or *hypocrisy* from which the world must be delivered by a faithful proclamation of a holier gospel.

The Resolutions were advocated by James W. Walker, of Ohio, in a truly able and eloquent address of an hour or more, and by Parker Pillsbury and others. Before the vote was taken the meeting adjourned until afternoon.

SUNDAY AFTENOON.

At two o'clock the discussion was resumed on the 5th and 6th Resolutions. The President in the chair. Josephine Griffing delivered a most able and impressive written address on the Social and Moral Condition of the Slave. She disected the slave system, particularly in its effect on the marriage and family relations among its victims, in the most thrilling as well as searching manner. Parker Pillsbury added some remarks, after which the resolutions passed unanimously. Jacob Walton, on behalf of the Finance Committee, reported the collections, amounting in money and pledges to one hundred and one dollars, more than half of which had been paid.

Richard Illinden then reported in behalf of the committee to nominate the State Central Committee; the following persons, who were duly chosen.

Thomas Chandler, Adrian,		Rd. B. Merrit, Battle Ck.
Thomas C. Warner,	"	Isaac G. Mott,
Richard Illinden,	"	Phoebe H. Merrit,
Edwin Comstock,	"	M. L. Mott, Hickory G'e.
Sarah Eggleston,	"	Edwin Fuller, Plymouth,
Grace B. Bonner,	"	R. B. Glazier, Ann Arbor
Wm. Ward,	"	Jacob Volland,
Ann Hayball,	"	Maria Glazier,
Jacob Walton,	"	Lucena Fuller, Plymouth
Ephraim Rulin, Tecumseh,		Cyrus Fuller.
Warren Gilbert, Wolf Creek,		

The Business Committee then presented the following Preamble and Resolutions, the reading of which was heard with great apparent satisfaction by the larger part of the numerous audience.

Whereas, The government of this country is a conspiracy against liberty, and a confederation with thieves and robbers of the most atrocious character: and

Whereas, By the terms of the government, these robbers are permitted to hold slaves in half the national domain, and to hunt and seize them alive or dead, in the whole of it: and

Whereas, They also secured the right to be represented in Congress, by three-fifths of their human chattels; and

Whereas, By the votes of the Senate, the veto power of the President, and the rulings and decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, to say nothing of more direct constitutional guarantees, they also secured against any efficient action upon Slavery by the government: and

Whereas, They have new additional slave territory, whereon to enlarge, nourish and sustain the system for at least a century to come, as well as for the century past; and

Whereas, Such an alliance for any purpose, even though the Federal Government be exempt as far as possible from any interference with Slavery whatever, is a great and gross immorality, a violation of the "Higher Law," in every one of its provisions, an outrage upon justice, a crime against humanity, and a sin against God: therefore

7. Resolved, That this government should cease at once to exist—the confederation should be annulled—the union should be dissolved, as a consent with thieves and robbers, and a covenant with death.

8. Resolved, That we can owe, and will hold no allegiance to such a government—and we do hereby solemnly abjure it, in the name of justice and liberty, and in obedience to the "Higher Law', of "Him" who rules supreme among the nations: and

9. Resolved, That by all moral and peaceful means we will seek and demand a new Northern Republic—sacred to Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Labor, and Free Men—where equal and impartial freedom shall be the birth-right of all—where the oppressed of all nations, kindred and colour, may find a secure asylum—where the tree of liberty may be planted, and may grow and flourish with no worm of Slavery to prey upon its root or its vitals—and where under a wise and virtuous government the full millenium of national blessings, shall be established, enjoyed, and made perpetual.

An able address was made upon the Resolutions by James W. Walker, after which, late in the afternoon, the meeting adjourned until evening.

SUNDAY EVENING SESSION

At seven o'clock the President resumed the chair and called the assembly to order. A spirited Anti-Slavery song was sung, after which Parker Pillsbury took the platform and addressed the assembly. He considered the Preamble in its various clauses, and the resolutions connected with it and was heard with deep attention. He was followed by James W. Walker (after another song had been sung), and at the close of his remarks the resolutions were passed without a dissenting voice

On motion of Parker Pillsbury, the thanks of the meeting were given to the people of Adrian and vicinity, for their generous hospitality and kindness during the Convention.

On motion of J. W. Walker, voted that the proceedings of this Convention be signed by the President and Secretaries, and published in the Anti-Slavery *Bugle*.

Thomas Chandler, *President*.

Robert B. Glazier, Maria L. Mott, } *Secretaries*.

Adrian, Mich. Oct. 18, 1852.

Free Delaware Negro in a State of Slavery.—The suit of a free Delaware negro will take place in North Carolina the present month, under the following circumstances: William Tillotson was sold by order of the Court of Kent County, for some crime or misdemeanour in 1840, for two months and one day. He was bought by Jacob R. Griffin. Mr. Griffin sold him to somebody; however, nothing was heard of him until it was found he was in the possession of Mr. T. A. Vestal, of Waynesburg, North Carolina, who purchased him about eighteen months since for $1,700. Tillotson ran away from Mr. Vestal, and was caught again. Upon Mr. Vestal asking him why he ran away, he insisted that he was free, which led that gentleman to write to Dover for the facts, and found, sure enough, that it was as Tillotson, whose name had been changed to Tom Hyer, had stated, that he was legally entitled to freedom. This negro, for the last twelve years, has been unjustly held in Slavery. We are informed by those who have the best opportunities of knowing, that at least a negro a week is sold out of the State of Delaware. As the law forbids the sale of slaves out of the State, unless by an order from the Court, and as orders from the Court for such sales do not reach the tithe of that number—the excess are either kidnapped or sold illegally. This information we do not get from an Abolitionist, but from a gentleman who is a slaveholder himself, and whose frequent visits to slave prisons in Baltimore and other places have given him the very best opportunities of information. From all we have heard we have not the least doubt a great many slaves, who have the credit of running away from the State, have been conveyed on the back track of the under-ground—going to the South instead of the North.—*Delaware Republican*.

Erection of a Monument.—Last week a very large meeting of the most influential citizens of Boston, without distinction of party, was held in Faneuil Hall, to take measures for the erection of a monument in memory of Daniel Webster.

THE SHADRACH RESCUE CASES.

MR. WRIGHT ACQUITTED.

Circuit Court of the United States. October Term, 1852. Curtis, *Judge. District Attorney*, George Lunt. *Counsel for the Defence*, Geo. F. Farley *and* Richard H. Dana, Jr., *Esquires*.

Friday, October 22, 1852.

The Clerk proceeding to call the jury, Mr. Dana objected that the jury was not properly empanneled; that, according to a law of the United States, they should be empanneled for United States trials, in the manner in which they are chosen within the district by the State law; that, by the State laws, the jury are empanneled alphabetically, and that the present jury had not been so chosen.

The Judge declined hearing an argument from Mr. Lunt, and stated that the jury had been empanneled yesterday for another case, and continued to-day, as in ordinary cases; that he had found the manner of empanneling, which had been followed in regard to this jury, existing in the court when he came into it as counsel, and afterwards as judge, and that he would not alter it unless shown that it was illegal; that he was not satisfied that it was illegal, and therefore must decide that the jury was rightly empanneled.

The District Attorney now proposed to ask the jurors the questions which were asked them in former trials. They are as follows:

1. Have you expressed or formed any opinion relative to the matter now to be tried?

2. Are you sensible of any bias or prejudice therein?

3. Have you formed an opinion that the law of the United States, known as the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, is unconstitutional, so that you cannot convict a person indicted under it for that reason, if the facts alleged in the indictment are proved, and the Court hold the statute to be Constitutional?

4. Do you hold any opinions upon the subject of the Fugitive Slave Law, so called, which would induce you to refuse to convict a person indicted under it if the facts set forth in the indictment, and constituting the offence, are proved against him, and the Court direct you that the law is constitutional?

Mr. Wright's counsel objected to the questions, and particularly to the third, on the ground of ambiguity, stating that Judge Grier, in Pennsylvania, rejected it on that ground. They also proposed a substitute.

The Judge preferred the original. He admitted the ambiguity, but stated that he had found himself unable to remove it, and that he would be careful to make each juror understand it before giving his answer.

The following is the list of Jurors: Luke Fay, of Boston, Foreman; Henry C. Goodwin, of Boston; Dana Warren, of Framingham; Francis E. Bigelow, of Concord; Charles Howard, Jr., of Hingham; Ricketson Slocum, of Dartmouth; Freeman H. Crowell, of Yarmouth; Jonas Batcheler, of Sutton; Jesse Morse, Jr., of Dedham; Paul Bailey, of Boston; Josiah Dunham, Jr, of Boston.

All the jurors called answered these questions satisfactorily and unhesitatingly, so that none were set aside, and showing either that they had clearer views or were less scrupulous than some of those called heretofore in these cases.

When Mr. Dunham was called, Mr. Dana, with the consent of the Court, but against the objections of Mr. Lunt, asked him the following questions, in addition to those of the Government:

1. Do you hold any opinion relating to the importance of executing the law known as the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, to the preservation of the Union and the peace of the country, or any other opinion relating to it, which would prevent your rendering a verdict of acquittal in the trial of an indictment under it, if the evidence left the guilt of the party in reasonable doubt?

2. Are you, from connection with any political party, or from a belief in the importance of the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law to the peace of the country and preservation of the Union, sensible of any bias in the trial of this case?

It was rumoured that these questions were asked of Mr Dunham because he had shown a violent disposition to have Mr. Wright convicted. But he answered satisfactorily and was empanneled. They were also asked of Mr. Turner who answered them satisfactorily.

The jury being now ready, the clerk proceeded to read the long dull indictment, and when he had finished, to the relief of the auditors, Mr. Lunt opened the case briefly, and with an appearance of freedom from any fear of injustice to Mr. Wright, that made his statement beautiful as a work of art. It was probably not designed for consideration in a moral point of view.

A number of witnesses were now called, among whom were conspicuous John Caphart, John Debree, and George T. Curtis, three names that have become unitedly embalmed in the Fugitive Slave Law.

George T. Curtis, Esq., testified that he issued a warrant to arrest a man to be tried as a fugitive slave, and that he sat as commissioner in the trial. This is not considered as a crimination of himself in a mere legal point of view; but as he is a gentleman of New England birth and education, a son of the Nineteenth Century, and supposed to have considerable perception and pride, it was certainly a splendid piece of patriotism and self-sacrificing candour.

Mr. Debree claimed to own the man Shadrach, as his slave. This did not seem monstrous, because he did not seem to understand what enormities the claim involved.

Mr. Caphart testified himself to be a slave hunter and slave whipper, who does not investigate particularly the merits of the cases in which he labours, but takes a business view of them. The glory of being the home of this citizen belongs to Norfolk. Norfolk, therefore, is a greater incredibility than Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Mr. Riley made it appear that he made an egregious blunder one morning. He ate a breakfast, not to satisfy his hunger, but to gratify his avarice. It occurred in this wise. He ate a sham breakfast at Taft's eating house, in company with sinners, for the purpose of arresting the man who waited on him, under the belief that he was hunted as a fugitive, and in the hope that he might be proved to be a slave. Whether evil deeds may lawfully be done in a sneaking way by public officers, is an unsettled point in legal philosophy.

That Mr. Riley is a gentleman of discrimination, and sinned against light, appeared in this wise. He said before the rescue, tauntingly, that he would give twenty-five dollars to buy Shadrach, and proposed to Mr. Wright to do the same. Mr. Wright, Mr. Riley testified, said he would rather give fifty dollars to buy pistols to shoot the United States officers. Mr. Dana asked whether Mr. Wright's remark was not that he would rather give fifty dollars to help buy the white slaves? White slaves seemed to have an awkward leer at the servants of the slave hunters, such as marshals, commissioners, and deputies. Mr. Riley replied that he knew Mr. Wright proposed to buy things, and not men. Mr. Dana immediately asked, was not Shadrach a thing? This produced a dilemma. The witnesses and court were silent; but their silence seemed very desirous to speak, if it could only hit on the right thing to say. Mr. Dana, however, relieved them in a moment by passing off to another subject. The court has in the course of the trial decided several collateral points. It is a pity that it failed to seize this point when it presented itself so distinctly, for if decided affirmatively it would end these trials. On the other hand, it would be useful as well as amusing to have the court in Boston decide in so many words that Frederic Minkins, of mature age, good stature and form, dark yellow colour, agreeable appearance, and most excellent character, was not a man.

Mr. Sawin seemed to testify with great satisfaction. The Fugitive Slave Law has been a fortunate enactment for him, for no previous law, nor any gospel, was calculated to make him distinguished. It also seems to have had a remarkable effect on his memory, that organ, like a rusty key, growing brighter by use. The longer these trials come after the rescue, the better, apparently, he remembered its little incidents.

Mr. Calvin Hutchins could distinguish between a black voice and a white one, a distinction which we remember as having originated with Mr. Byrnes, a half deaf deputy marshal. Calvin does business under the fugitive slave law very firmly. Whether he would in his official capacity kindle a fire at the feet of a Servetus, we cannot decide, but we trust that he will never be tempted to do anything worse than sending fugitive freeman back into Slavery.

Saturday, October 23, 1852.

Mr. George Woodman, Mr. Clement Willis, and Mr. Jedediah Barker, testified regarding Mr. Wright's excited language in a ward room a few days before the rescue. Nothing was elicited that was not stated and substantially published in our columns during the previous trial. The conversation to which they testified had no near connection with the rescue; but it enabled these gentlemen to cast their mites into the fugitive slave law side of our scales of public justice.

Mr. Warren, Deputy Marshal, testified that Simpson Clark, a witness in this case, was absent from the city and could not be found, and here Mr. Lunt stated that the evidence for the prosecution was finished.

THE DEFENCE.

Mr. Dana opened the defence by an address to the jury, which occupied nearly an hour and a half. He commenced by urging the importance of trial by jury, which is enjoyed nowhere in the world except here and in Great Britain, and as far as practicable the freedom of speech. He then passed into a consideration of the excitement which existed in the community about the time of the rescue of Shadrach. Here he was interrupted by the Court with the information that his remarks were too general, and ought to be confined to the substance of the defence. Mr. Dana seemed to consider the interruption very unjustifiable, and some time was occupied in endeavouring to ascertain whether there was any ground for it. This was not clearly shown, and the general impression was that the Court would have acted as wisely if it had been less strict. Mr. Dana then proceeded with his remarks, and stated with great clearness the circumstances of the rescue, so far as they relate to Mr. Wright's case.

Several witnesses were now examined for the defence, when the jury was dismissed till Monday at 10 o'clock.

Monday, Oct, 25, 1852.

Mr. Wright's trial is fast coming to its close. F. W. Bird. Esq., Dr. S. G. Howe, Mr. Wm. H. Jameson, Dr. James W. Stone, C. G. Davis, Esq., Mr. Henry N. Stone, S. E. Sewall, Esq., Mr. E. Norris, Robert Morris, Esq., and Rev. Leonard A. Grimes have been examined for the defence. Their testimony having heretofore appeared several times in our columns, we refrain from publishing it now.

The government testimony against Mr. Wright is much weaker in this than it was in the previous trial, and the testimony for the defence dissipates it so that the case is completely ridiculous. Instead of their being grounds for a solemn state trial, there is scarcely any for even an ignorant suspicion. This idea seems to be making some progress in breaking its way even into that almost impregnable stronghold, Mr. Lunt's dome of thought. It is now difficult to see how the jury can hesitate. But Mr. Lunt's eloquence, and the deep feeling with which he may be supposed to regard the glory of our country and his lawful fees in these rescue cases, may so inspire them with a desire to strengthen the union of our States as to produce a disunion among themselves.

All the witnesses for the defence having been examined, Mr. Lunt produced Mrs Clark to show that due diligence had been used to find her husband, Simpson Clark. This was at the previous trial the most important witness for the government. Mr. Lunt also called officers Norris and Stratton, but their testimony was of no importance.

The testimony being all in, the Judge adjourned the Court till this morning at 9 1-2 o'clock, when Mr. Farley is expected to make his argument. The case will probably be given to the Jury to-day.

Tuesday, Oct, 26, 1852.

At the opening of the Court, Mr. Lunt offered in evidence a letter from Mr. Simpson Clark, but it was not admitted.

Mr. Farley then made the closing argument for the defence. He stated that the prosecution in this case had arisen under a law which had divided the community, so that while some applauded it, others condemned it and detested it so that it was cursed at all the corners of the streets. The excitement of the time was indicated by the extraordinary course pursued in these trials, that of requiring the jury in cases of misdemeanor in this court, to answer, under oath, questions so little applicable to the trials that there was the greatest difficulty in framing them.

He knew that he was addressing men possessed of the ordinary passions of men. He did not know their political connections, nor how far they were biased by that extravagant humbug, danger to the Union, a union without which life would hardly be worth having. But he was encouraged to have confidence in them by an incident in our history. In 1770, under the greatest and most justifiable excitement, when a homicide was committed in the street by our enemies, a jury was found in Boston independent and generous enough to do justice. He asked them, whatever might be their views of the law or their feelings towards the defendant, to do him justice. There may be oppression in a criminal trial, said Mr. Farley; it is no unheard of thing; and this defendant claims that he ought not to have been brought to trial in this court a second time. He is opposed to this law. So am I, and I feel justified in denouncing it, and shall always do so unless it is declared constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States, and then I shall urge its repeal.

Now what are the particulars of the charge against the defendant.

A man was arrested and threatened to be stripped not only of all outward possessions, but all that makes life valuable. He was charged with being a slave, but so far as appears in the evidence in this case, he was as free as you, Mr. Foreman. He had friends, and, though they were mostly coloured, they were not the less steadfast. They rescued him. The position of the officers from whom he was taken, was most pitiable. They knew what view would be taken of their conduct in the South. They were anxious to retrieve their position. Mr Wright's opinions were well known to the public. He was present at the rescue. It is not wonderful that they arrested him, and even imagined that they heard his voice in the uproar, and could distinguish a white voice from a coloured one. But the excitement which then existed has now subsided, and the defendant is now before you on a charge supported by evidence so weak and shadowy, that I do not believe another case equally weak has ever been presented for solemn adjudication in this Commonwealth. Where Slavery exists, many persons are wrongfully reduced to Slavery. The only evidence you have of Shadrach's having been a slave is, that he was sold in 1849, and held as a slave for a short time. A woman still living is reputed to be his mother. But we were not shown that she is a slave and legally such. In Slave States a man wholly black is presumed to be a slave; but even there, a yellow man like Shadrach is presumed to be free, and therefore the prosecution can only require us to admit that he was a slave when they overthrow that presumption. Now, the counts of the indictment framed under the Fugitive Slave Law, Shadrach not being proved a slave, fall to the ground, as under them no offence is committed by rescuing a freeman.

But under the other counts how is Mr. Wright connected with this rescue. This point requires extra attention; for as I am at a loss to know how the District Attorney can make any argument on the evidence, I suppose there will be some fine spinning. Mr. Wright was here, and he may have been glad to see the fugitive slave law thwarted, but this does not criminate him. Some years since, there was a most vile house in Charlestown, next to which lived a sea captain, who was irritated by the house day after day, in a thousand ways. At length a homicide was committed in the house, and the indignant populace tore it down. Numbers were indicted, and among them the sea captain. It was proved that he was present at the pulling down, and every time the house creaked, waved his hat and shouted hurrah. On this evidence he was acquitted, for it was clear that he had a right to feel rejoiced, when he saw the infamous house coming down. This case illustrates Mr. Wright's.

Mr. Farley now examined the testimony for the government, and showed that, first, it made out no case against Mr. Wright, in any view; and, secondly, that the most unfavourable points in that testimony were upset by itself, some of the witnesses clearly and strongly contradicting others, and the most reliable of them being most favourable to Mr. Wright. He also reviewed the evidence for the defence, and showed that it could not, without violent imaginings, be considered less than conclusive. He referred, with much force, to the fact that the District Attorney did not produce Byrnes, who appeared to be a most important witness, and had, throughout the trial, taken great pains to show that he was not in fault in regard to the absence of Clark. The wicked flee when no man pursueth. The District Attorney seems to suspect his own case. Too many witnesses might have spoiled it by contradicting each other, till they had made it utterly ridiculous. He produced too many, as it was. His best way would have been to rely on Sawin alone, and call no other, and if this case is tried here again, he will probably do so.

We have given only an abstract of Mr. Farley's argument. He spoke an hour and three quarters, and, by his clearness and force, enchained the attention of the jury and audience.

Mr. Lunt laid the commencement of his closing address among our wise and far-seeing ancestry of early Pilgrim days, and came down to the "unfortunate times" in which we live, when some people such as the "unfortunate person at the bar" so confuse themselves about the freedom of speech and action, that they no longer know when their conduct is correct. He argued that Shadrach was proved to be a slave. The evidence indeed rested principally on Caphart, who had "the misfortune to be a police officer in the city of Norfolk" Mr. Lunt did "not justify whipping as a general principle," but then he did not look on one, a part of whose business was to whip slaves as do the miscalled philanthropists, for culprits were whipped in Massachusetts court house, and whipping had been abolished in our navy only within two years.

Mr. Lunt examined the testimony in a manner that showed him to possess that greatest quality of the poet, invention.

The evidence under his hands assumed many new aspects, just such as were needed to make a respectable case for the prosecution. This was to be expected. A man who will devote himself to the prosecution of such cases, would hardly be nice in the efforts he makes for success. But Mr. Lunt indulged in misrepresentation of some of the defendant's witnesses, to an extent that should forever exclude him from that order of nobility called gentlemen. He was particularly outrageous regarding S. E. Sewall and C. G. Davis, Esqs. It is not easy to imagine any cause more strongly calculated to make one lose his regard for the United States government, and view it with disgust, than having its laws administered in the abusive way pursued by Mr. Lunt.

One of his statesments was too outrageous to be given as a specimen selection from even his speeches. He charged some of the witnesses with holding that the truth need not be regarded in defending those who oppose the fugitive slave law, and said that ministers of the gospel have publicly taught in this city that all who resist that law should be considered innocent, and that those who swear in their favour against the truth, render a service to God.

Though we had had a pretty rough experience in these cases, we were astonished at this statement, and pronounce it an unqualified misrepresentation, and a slander which should remove from his position any official who would give it utterance.

Mr. Lunt occupied over an hour and a half, and when he had finished, the judge proceeded to deliver his charge, which occupied something more than an hour. He reviewed the law and evidence, much as in former cases. He seemed very deliberate and impartial, yet he certainly made as much of the case against the defendants as its materials would permit. When he had finished, we had the impression that the charge might be characterized as quite severe.

It being 2 1-2 o'clock when the case was given to the jury, they were allowed to dine before considering their verdict, and the court was adjourned till 9 1-2 o'clock this morning.

Wednesday, Oct. 27.

The jury came into Court this morning, and rendered a verdict acquitting Mr. Wright of participating in the rescue of Shadrach. This we consider a present advantage, but no honour. In ten years, those who participated in that rescue will proudly tell what they did. They conferred greater honour on themselves than the Tea Party, and if Boston had sustained them in their generous heroism, their act would stand among those which shed most glory upon its history.

It is said that the jury very readily came to their decision, and this was to be expected; yet comparing them with former juries, it is very much to their credit. The question whether Mr. Lunt has at length found out that he is beaten, has circulated extensively, but found no decisive answer. The affirmative is favoured, however, by the fact that there is to be no other rescue trial during this term of the Court.—*Boston Commonwealth*.

Uncle Tom's Cabin.—Mr. Beekman, the London publisher of this famous work, is now in Boston, and says that the number of copies already issued in England is 400,000. The American publishers confess to have published some 300,000. One edition has been published by the celebrated Tauchnitz, of Leipsig, for which Mrs. Stowe has written a preface. Messrs. Jewett are preparing an elaborately illustrated edition for the holidays. It is said that autograph letters, highly complimentary, has been received by the authoress from Prince Albert and the late Duke of Wellington. Probably no literary work ever published has had such remarkable success as this.

The erection of the first pillar of the New York Crystal Palace took place on Saturday last, in presence of about two thousand persons.

On the 20th ult., ten slaves from an interior county of Kentucky crossed the river below Cincinnati, and succeeded in making their escape through Hamilton county, on their way to Canada. There were six men and four women.

Banner of the Webster Committee.—The Webster Committee have shrouded the banner which stretches across Broadway at Stuyvesant Institute. The crape-trimmed banner now presents the following inscription!

For President.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

REJECTED AND LOST!

Pray the Gods to intermit the plague,
That needs must light on such ingratitude.

Cuban Juntas.—The Cincinnati *Daily Republican* says: It is stated by high authority that an extensive organization of the order of the Lone Star exists in this city. Last evening they had a meeting, and it was resolved to exert themselves to the utmost to increase their numbers. A resolution was adopted by which they agreed to support the Opposition's candidate for the Presidency. It was carried almost unanimously. They meet again next Tuesday night to consider a document purporting to have come from the Vigilance Committee of the Order at New Orleans. It is said to be a highly interesting paper, affecting the interests of every man in the United States.

Mr. Webster's Disease.—We received last evening the following communication from Mr. Webster's physician:

Monday Afternoon, 5½ P. M., October 25, 1852.

Editors of the Courier—*Gentlemen*: I enclose to you for publication the result of the *post mortem* examination of the body of Hon. Daniel Webster, made this day at Marshfield. Respectfully your obedient servant,

John Jeffries.

It was found that Mr. Webster died of disease of the liver. The immediate cause of death was hemorrhage from the stomach and bowels, owing to a morbid state of blood consequent upon the above disease. There was also dropsy on the abdomen.—*Boston Courier*.

The Tribune fears *The Boston Commonwealth* has spoiled a speculation by telling it prematurely. It says: A "cute one, whose residence is considerable further east than Boston, was at the stalls of Faneuil Hall Market, and at the stores on Congress-st., on Saturday, purchasing the rarest specimens of fruit of all kinds, without regard to the price. He had previously purchased, at some of the nurseries in the vicinity of Boston, an unlimited quantity of fruit trees, paying no regard to the price. The whole assortment of trees and fruit he shipped in the afternoon for Philadelphia, where he intends to dispose of his stock at 200 per cent. advance at least on the first cost, convincing, as he undoubtedly will, the drab-coated Quakers, that the fruit he exhibits is *the product of the very trees he offers for sale!*

On a late trip of one of our New Orleans steamers, she was crowded with German emigrants. As might be expected, their appetite for fruit and vegetables after a long sea voyage was most voracious. At Selma, a short distance below this city, the boat received some fifteen or twenty sacks of castor beans, consigned to Mr. Blow. The appearance of the bean, "good to the eye," excited the cravings of the emigrants. Finally, curiosity and appetite triumphed; a bag was surreptiously opened, a large pan full extracted, and a huge luncheon of soup prepared. In a short time the passengers in the cabin, and the officers of the boat were startled by the report that the cholera in its worst form had broken out on deck. On going below, they found that the castor oil was doing its work. The bag lay exposed, and a large pot full of this rare delicacy steaming hot on the table. The thing was soon solved, and the Captain had to go into quarantine, because, as he said, the Dutch dld'nt "know beans."—*St. Louis Republican*.

Slave Stampede—The Maysville (Ky.) *Eagle* says: We noticed the escape of thirty odd slaves from Mason and Bracken Counties, a short time ago. Some of them were captured in Ohio by their owners, at a distance of about forty miles from the river. We are requested by a gentleman of this county, who joined in pursuit and aided in capturing three of the fugitives, one of whom belonged to himself, to state, on behalf of the pursuers, as an act of justice to the people of Ohio, that the pursuing party were not obstructed or ill-treated in any way, by word or deed, though their business was perfectly known, but that they experienced from the people of Ohio, both going out and returning, every aid they desired, many citizens of that State volunteering their personal assistance and extending the kindest hospitality. They brought the captured slaves home, without encountering the least obstacle, or even an unkind word. The pursuing party feel it their duty to the people of Ohio and Kentucky to make this grateful acknowledgment.

The Times says that Schools of Design for Women have attracted some attention, and are beginning to operate beneficially. An establishment of this character has been under way in Philadelphia for several months past, and its projectors feel great confidence in the result. Their object is to afford females a pleasant, lucrative and easy means of employment, by which they may be able to realize a livelihood. Works of art are always useful and should be money-getting. Designs are in use, for the Carriage-maker, the Upholsterer, the Carpet-weaver, and in many branches of domestic economy, and the opportunity of improvement in this sort of enterprise was never better. The public will lose nothing, but will rather be gainers, by encouraging movements of this nature.

A Proclamation—By Washington Hunt, Governor of the State of New York.—The varied blessings enjoyed

Miscellaneous Department.

THE PEON SLAVE.

THE following story of the adventures of a Mexican Peon is taken from Cora Montgomery's "Eagle Pass," a settlement in Texas. It contains many expositions of the character of the Mexican slave system:

"Such thoughts forced me to look history in the eye, when Victor, our confidential servant, and a man of pure Indian descent, stood in silent, motionless respect to receive the order of preparation for the journey. He was slight, rather well-formed, easy and lithe in his movements, but with the serious, self-contained air that characterises his race. His dark face was seamed with the small pox, but it spoke intelligence and courage, and his eye wore a winning expression of attachment and confidence when it turned on his master. In a few, but remarkably well-chosen words, Victor intimated that he understood his orders, and then disappeared with noiseless step. In the future, my sole trust for servants, domestic attendance, and the most part of my human companionship, is in these tamed Indians. Well, I rather like the prospect.

The early evening was soft, fresh and star-lit, and I remained in my room alone for an hour, musing over a thousand confused fragments of the past and present, when my attention was attracted by two figures in deep chat, a short distance from the open window.

"One I fancied, and correctly, to be Victor; the other was a larger person, and as I could readily observe in the clear obscure, an Indian of fine and graceful proportions. Victor was waiting to speak to his master as he came out from supper, and as I soon gathered from their conversation, his companion had seen him as he entered the garden for that purpose, and made himself known as an old friend. At first I only noted the flowing elegance of their mutual compliments and the rigid politeness with which each entitled the other Senator, but the stranger's remarks soon absorbed my entire attention. It was a moving tale, and opened to me an unexpected view of border life. I give it now, though in fact it was only completed by after inquiry and information:

"Severo Valdez and our Victor had been scholars together in a free school attached to some convent in their distant and fruitful Gaudalaxara. They had both learned to read, and Victor even to write, when they were parted, Severo to follow his parents into servitude, for they had fallen in debt and were sold by debtor's law as peons to the magnificent estate of Santa Merced (Holy Mercy), many leagues this side of his native city. Victor came eastward in the service of a Mexican officer, and after many wanderings, found himself at Matamoras some two years before the Mexican war. Here he met again his old class-mate, Severo. The hacienda of Holy Mercy was one of those vast peon-holding properties peculiar to Mexico, and even in that land it had a bad reputation for giving over-allowance of work and an under-allowance of food. The peck of corn per week to the *peons*, or slaves, for debt, was of two or three years' old stock, and often alive with insects, as the fresh corn of the current year had to be stored. A thousand head of cattle ranged on the outskirts of the estates, and seven thousand sheep and goats divided with them the pastures, but the peons only tasted meat about twice a month, and then each pound served out was charged to them, to swell their debt of servitude. Severo endured his lot while his mother lived; but when she died, he broke away. His situation of *raquero*, or mounted herdsman, gave him a fine start in advance, and he was fifty miles on the road to freedom before his flight was announced to the overseer of the Holy Mercy. The poor old father was suspected of counselling his escape, and, in his rage, the mayor domo handled the old peon so cruelly that he laid down on his mat and never left it again. In a week from Severo's departure, the other peons dug a hole, rolled up the corpse in his ragged mat for a coffin and winding-sheet, and cast it in the earth without further ceremony, for such is the usual peon custom of burial. All this, when he came to hear of it, did not increase Severo's desires to return to the sweets of Holy Mercy; and he worked, starved and travelled forward until he reached Santillo. There he fell sick, and, after enduring his situation with Indian fortitude for two weeks, the peon who lent him all he had to share—a corner of his hovel for shade and an ox hide for a bed—induced him to sell himself to a baker of the place for the necessary medicine and sustenance. He served his master, the baker, with fidelity and good will, for he was treated kindly, but the fear of being reclaimed by his first owner haunted him continually, and he was more than glad when it was proposed to transfer his services to a muleteer bound for Laredo. To Laredo he went, still in peon servitude, however, for it is a sort of a miracle for a bound debtor to regain his freedom, and there he ranged the banks of the Rio Bravo in his original capacity of vaquero or herdsman. Here begins the entanglement of his story. An American merchant at Matamoras wished a reliable and competent man to go down to the coast with his mule train; and by a triple arrangement between Severo, his master and the merchant, the active and faithful young peon was to serve six months for his debt of $30, and then become free when the American went to New Orleans in the spring. At Matamoras he chanced to encounter Victor, and renewed with him the friendship of younger days. Victor was about to go up the river to Laredo, and was charged by his friend with many messages to a peon family to which it turned out Severo was united by the strongest bonds. He loved deeply the young niece of a Laredo peon, Josefa, who was free and appeared likely to remain so, as she was active, industrious, and a good seamstress. To earn her hand in legitimate marriage was the great object of his life, and to become free himself was such a helpful and desirable step, that he consented joyfully to six months' servitude, including, also, a season of yellow fever, which he was expected to stay over and above his time, during the absence of his new master in the United States. Victor, while at Laredo, discharged punctually his duty to his friend, and even wrote letters for Josefa, informing Severo from time to time of her steady remembrance. Meantime Severo completed his probation, and returned in less than a year, well-dressed for his condition, and much improved by his residence among Americans. He hastened to claim his bride. Unhappily she had fallen into peonage by some misfortune, but Severo did not hesitate to become surety for her debt of $15, and make her his wife. This exposed him to be peonized himself any day, but his work was mainly devoted to the service of the creditor, who kept his own open account with them, advancing, while they were at work for him, the beans and corn for the daily bread of the couple. They settled from the first on the east side of the river, and when, at the close of the war, all the hither bank was recognised as United States territory, they became, by the express terms of the treaty, American citizens. This, which should have been a sure guaranty of liberty and protection, cast the unhappy family into the most incurable misery. I would state the case distinctly, for it presents, what most Americans will find it hard to believe, that our country permits on her border an atrocious and peculiar system of kidnapping.

When hostilities first kindled with Mexico, Severo entered into the employ of a muleteer, who continued near and with the army during that memorable first campaign in which such splendid victories were won to no particular end, and such massive movements were so bravely pressed for no particular object. This service kept Severo far from home most of the war season, but more than once the fond husband mounted his horse and rode all night through a dangerous region to pass one day with Josefa and his child; and then he would repeat the same rough ride the next night, and report himself at sunrise ready for his usual duties. About the conclusion of the war, the knowledge of their citizenship, and the enhanced security and prosperity they hoped to attain under the American laws, began to make a deep impression upon the Indian families on our side of the Rio Bravo, and on none more than the freedom-loving Severo. To educate his first born, his boy Marcos, to the stature of a free-born American was a dream of delight to his soul. When peace was proclaimed, he made an eager, hurried visit to his home at Laredo, and then hastened to the healthy and romantic town of Corpus Christi, to solicit permanent employment from the celebrated Col. Kinney, the proprietor of a domain exactly three times as large, and ten times as fair, as the principality of Queen Victoria's father-in-law. The sorrow-stricken Indian returned to find his home desolate. Although American citizens by law, by service and by loyalty, the Mexican hawks had not feared to swoop down upon our soil, and clutch away his helpless ones in his absence. The thrice-paid creditor of Josefa had conveyed her by threats and force to the Mexican side of the river, where there was little trouble in having her assigned to him as a debtor-slave. Her young American-born son was consigned to the same fate to meet the cost of bringing him up, and thus with every form of Mexican law they were sent, mother and child, to wear out their lives in the harshest Slavery known on this continent [except, the author should have added, of the United States].

"Severo appealed to an officer in the United States army for redress—it was not in his line of duty. He applied to the civil judge—he could not pursue the offence into a foreign country; this provision, so necessary to border tranquility, had been overlooked in the haste of making the peace treaty. In his despair of other help, and perhaps with a lingering faith in the sanctity of his American citizenship, Severo set forth to have an interview with Josefa and her master, and, if he could make no other offer for her freedom, he resolved to give his own body to redeem his wife and child. He had a few dollars in money and a good horse; perhaps he thought he could prevail on Don Matias to accept them—as they were of more value than the original debt—together with a year or two of their united service, and then dismiss them all in freedom. It was an illusive hope. Instead of listening to his proffers of triple payment, Don Matias coolly claimed the horse as an estray of some friend or other, and seized Severo as his own lawful peon. Severo heard the sentence of the alcalde in the stern, unmoved silence of his much-enduring race, and, whatever he nourished in his heart, no severity of labour or suffering wrested a complaint from his lips. He toiled and watched more than a year before an opening for escape offered for Josefa, and without her he would not leave. At last, when Don Matias returned near the bank of the Rio Bravo, and placed them all on a rancho, or cattle farm, not far from Mier, the time of deliverance seemed at hand. Patience and courage brought a favourable moment for the attempt, and it was made. The river was gained, was crossed; the whole family stood free citizens on the soil of the Union; some miles were travelled in the direction of the town of Brownsville, for Severo had learned to fear the absence of protection at Laredo—and the happy family laid down to rest in the serene freshness of the open sky. They folded themselves in their recovered liberty as in a garment of joy, and slept without fear. Alas, for the weakness or obscurity of our laws! their pursuers had followed keenly on their track, and before the dawn they were overtaken, bound, and re-conveyed to the Mexican bank and a more embittered Slavery.

"Four months' of suffering, distinguished only by the death of their boy, again terminated in the escape of Severo by a desperate flight, in which Josefa could not share. This time he did not pause until he reached the interior town of San Antonio, whence he proposes to despatch the money for the purchase of his wife, if, indeed, her broken health holds out until he can earn the amount."

OUR BORE.

IT is unneces-ary to say that we keep a bore. Everybody does. But, the bore whom we have the pleasure and honour of enumerating among our particular friends, is such a generic bore, and has so many traits (as it appears to us) in common with the great bore family, that we are tempted to make him the subject of the present notes. May he be generally accepted!

Our bore is admitted on all hands to be a good-hearted man. He may put fifty people out of temper, but he keeps his own. He preserves a sickly stolid smile upon his face, when other faces are ruffled by the perfection he has attained in his art, and has an equable voice which never travels out of one key or rises above one pitch. His manner is a manner of tranquil interest. None of his opinions are startling. Among his deepest-rooted convictions, it may be mentioned that he considers the air of England damp, and holds that our lively neighbours—he always calls the French our lively neighbours—have the advantage of us in that particular. Nevertheless, he is unable to forget that John Bull is John Bull all the world over, and that England with all her faults is England still.

Our bore has travelled. He could not possibly be a complete bore without having travelled. He rarely speaks of his travels without introducing, sometimes on his own plan of construction, morsels of the language of the country: which he always translates. You cannot name to him any little remote town in France, Italy, Germany, or Switzerland but he knows it well; stayed there a fortnight under peculiar circumstances. And talking of that little place, perhaps you know a statue over an old fountain, up a little court, which is the second—no, the third—stay—yes, the third turning on the right, after you come out of the Post house, going up the hill towards the market? You *don't* know that statue? Nor that fountain? You surprise him! They are not usually seen by travellers (most extraordinary, he has never yet met with a single traveller who knew them, except one German, the most intelligent man he ever met in his life!) but he thought that you would have been the man to find them out. And then he describes them, in a circumstantial lecture half an hour long, generally delivered behind a door which is constantly being opened from the other side; and implores you if you ever revisit that place, now do go and look at that statue and fountain!

Our bore, in a similar manner, being in Italy, made a discovery of a dreadful picture, which has been the terror of a large portion of the civilized world ever since. We have seen the liveliest men paralysed by it, across a broad dining-table. He was lounging among the mountains, sir, basking in the mellow influences of the climate, when he came to *una piccola chiesa*—a little church—or perhaps it would be more correct to say *una piccolissima capella*—the smallest chapel you can possibly imagine—and walked in. There was nobody inside but a *cieco*—a blind man—saying his prayers, and *vecchio padre*—old friar—rattling a money box. But, above the head of that friar, and immediately to the right of the altar as you enter—to the right of the altar? No. To the left of the altar as you enter—or say near the centre—there hung a painting (subject, Virgin and Child) so divine in its expression, so pure and yet so warm and rich in its tone, so fresh in its touch, at once so glowing in its colour and so statuesque in its repose that our bore cried out in an ecstacy, "That's the finest picture in Italy!" And so it is, sir. There is no doubt of it. It is astonishing that that picture is so little known. Even the painter is uncertain. He afterwards took Blumb, of the Royal Academy (it is to be observed that our bore takes none but eminent people to see sights, and that none but eminent people take our bore), and you never saw a man so affected in your life as Blumb was. He cried like a child! And then our bore begins his description in detail—for all this is introductory—and strangles his hearers with the folds of the purple drapery.

By an equally fortunate conjunction of accidental circumstances, it happened that when our bore was in Switzerland, he discovered a Valley, of that superb character, that Chamouni is not to be mentioned in the same breath with it. This is how it was, sir. He was travelling on a mule—had been in the saddle some days—when, as he and the guide, Pierre Blanquo: whom you may know, perhaps? our bore is sorry you don't, because he is the only guide deserving of the name—as he and Pierre were descending, towards evening, among those everlasting snows, to the little village of La Croix, our bore observed a mountain track turning off sharply to the right. At first he was uncertain whether it *was* a track at all, and in fact, he said to Pierre, "*Qu'est que c'est donc, mon ami!* What is that, my friend?" "*Oh, monsieur?*" said Pierre—"Where, sir?" "*La!* there!" said our bore. "*Monsieur, ce n'est rien de tout*—sir, it's nothing at all," said Pierre. "*Allons!* Make haste. *Il va neiger*—it's going to snow!" But, our bore was not to be done in that way, and he firmly replied, "I wish to go in that direction—*je veux y aller.* I am bent upon it—*je suis determine. En avant!* go ahead!" In consequence of which firmness on our bore's part, they proceeded, sir, during two hours of evening and three of moonlight (they waited in a cavern till the moon was up), along the slenderest track, overhanging perpendicularly the most awful gulfs, until they arrived, by a winding descent, in a valley that possibly and he may say probably, was never visited by any stranger before. What a valley! Mountains piled on mountains, avalanches stemmed by pine forests; waterfalls, chalets, mountain torrents, wooden bridges, every conceivable picture of Swiss scenery! The whole village turned out to receive our bore. The peasant girls kissed him, the men shook hands with him, one old lady of benevolent appearance wept upon his breast. He was conducted, in a primitive triumph, to the little inn: where he was taken ill next morning, and lay for six weeks, attended by the amiable hostess (the same benevolent old lady who had wept over night) and her charming daughter, Fanchette. It is nothing to say that they were attentive to him; they doted on him. They called him, in their simple way *l'Ange Anglais*—the English Angel. When our bore left the valley, there was not a dry eye in the place; some of the people attended him for miles. He begs and entreats of you as a personal favour, that if you ever go to Switzerland again (you have mentioned that your last visit was your twenty-third), you will go to that valley, and see Swiss scenery for the first time. And if you want really to know the pastoral people of Switzerland, and to understand them, mention, in that valley, our bore's name!

Our bore has a crushing brother in the East, who, somehow or other, was admitted to smoke pipes with Mehemet Ali, and instantly became an authority on the whole range of Eastern matters, from Haroun Alraashid to the present Sultan. He is in the habit of expressing mysterious opinions on this wide range of subjects, but on questions of foreign policy more particularly, to our bore, in letters; and our bore is continually sending bits of these letters to the newspapers (which they never insert), and carrying other bits about in his pocket-book. It is even whispered that he has been seen at the Foreign Office, receiving great consideration from the messengers, and having his card promptly borne into the sanctuary of the temple. The havoc committed in society by this Eastern brother is beyond belief. Our bore is always ready with him. We have known our bore to fall upon an intelligent young sojourner in the wilderness, in the first sentence of a narrative, and beat all confidence out of him with one blow of his brother. He became omniscient, as to foreign policy, in the smoking of those pipes with Mehemit Ali. The balance of power in Europe, the machinations of the Jesuits, the gentle and humanising influence of Austria, the position and prospects of that hero of the noble soul who is worshipped by happy France, are all easy reading to our bore's brother. And our bore is so provokingly self-denying about him! "I don't pretend to more than a very general knowledge of these subjects myself," says he, after enervating the intellects of several strong men, "but these are my brother's opinions and I believe he is known to be well-informed."

The commonest incidents and places would appear to have been made special, expressly for our bore. Ask him whether he ever chanced to walk, between seven and eight in the morning, down St. James's Street, London, and he will tell you, never in his life but once. But, it's curious that that once was in eighteen thirty; and that as our bore was walking down the street you have just mentioned, at the time you have just mentioned—half-past seven—or twenty minutes to eight. No! Let him be correct! exactly a quarter before eight by the Palace clock—he met a fresh-coloured, grey-haired, good-humoured looking gentleman, with a brown umbrella, who, as he passed him, touched his hat and said, "Fine morning, sir, fine morning!" William the Fourth!

Ask our bore whether he has seen Mr. Barry's new Houses of Parliament, and he will reply that he has not yet inspected them minutely, but, that you remind him that it was his singular fortune to be the last man to see the old houses of Parliament before the fire broke out. It happened in this way. Poor John Spine, the celebrated novelist, had taken him over to South Lambeth to read to him the last few chapters of what was certainly his best book—as our bore told him at the time, adding, "Now, my dear John, touch it, and you'll spoil it!" and our bore was going back to the club by way of Millbank and Parliament Street, when he stopped to think of Canning, and look at the houses of Parliament. Now, you know far more of the philosophy of Mind than our bore does, and are much better able to explain to him than he is to explain to you why or wherefore, at that particular time, the thought of fire should come into his head. But, it did. It did. He thought, What a national calamity if an edifice connected with so many associations should be consumed by fire! At that time there was not a single soul in the street but himself. All was quiet, dark, and solitary. After contemplating the building for a minute—or, say a minute and a half, not more—our bore proceeded on his way, mechanically repeating, What a national calamity if such an edifice, connected with such associations, should be destroyed by —— A man coming towards him in a violent state of agitation completed the sentence, with the exclamation, Fire! Our bore looked round, and the whole structure was in a blaze.

In harmony and union with these experiences, our bore never went anywhere in a steam-boat but he made either the best or the worst voyage ever known on that station. Either he overheard the captain say to himself, with his hands clasped, "We are all lost!" or the captain openly declared to him that he had never made such a run before, and never should be able to do it again. Our bore was in that express train on that railway, when they made (unknown to the passengers) the experiment of going at the rate of a hundred miles an hour. Our bore remarked on that occasion to the other people in the carriage, "This is too fast, but sit still!" He was at the Norwich musical festival when the extraordinary echo for which science has been wholly unable to account, was heard for the first and last time. He and the bishop heard it at the same moment, and caught each others's eye. He was present at that illumination of St. Peter's, of which the Pope is known to have remarked, as he looked at it out of his window in the Vatican, "*O Cielo! Questa cosa non sara fatta, mai ancora, come questa*—O Heaven! this thing will never be done again, like this!" He has seen every lion he ever saw, under some remarkably propitious circumstances. He knows there is no fancy in it, because in every case the showman mentioned the fact at the time, and congratulated him upon it.

At one period of his life, our bore had an illness. It was an illness of a dangerous character for society at large. Innocently remark that you are very well, or that somebody else is very well; and our bore, with the preface that one never knows what a blessing health is until one has lost it, is reminded of that illness, and drags you through the whole of its symptoms, progress, and treatment. Innocently remark that you are not well, or that somebody else is not well, and the same inevitable result ensues. You will learn how our bore felt a tightness about here, sir, for which he couldn't account, accompanied with a constant sensation as if he were being stabbed—or, rather jobbed—that expresses it more correctly—jobbed—with a blunt knife. Well, sir! This went on, until sparks began to flit before his eyes, water-wheels to turn round in his head, and hammers to beat incessantly thump, thump, all down his back—along the whole of the spinal vertebræ. Our bore, when his sensations had come to this, thought it a duty he owed to himself to take advice, and he said, Now, whom shall I consult? He naturally thought of Callow, at that time one of the most eminent physicians in London, and he went to Callow. Callow said, "Liver!" and prescribed rhubarb and calomel, low diet, and moderate exercise. Our bore went on with this treatment, getting worse every day, until he lost confidence in Callow, and went to Moon, whom half the town was then mad about. Moon was interested in the case; to do him justice he was very much interested in the case; and he said, "Kidnies!" He altered the whole treatment, sir—gave strong acids, cupped, and blistered. This went on, our bore still getting worse every day, until he openly told Moon it would be a satisfaction to him if he would have a consultation with Clatter. The moment Clatter saw our bore, he said, "Accumulation of fat about the heart!" Snugglewood, who was called in with him, differed, and said, "Brain!" But, what they all agreed upon was, to lay our bore upon his back, to shave his head, to leech him, to administer enormous quantities of medicine, and to keep him low; so that he was reduced to a mere shadow, you wouldn't have known him, and nobody considered it possible that he could ever recover. This was his condition, sir, when he heard of Jilkins—at that period in a very small practice, and living in the upper part of a house in Great Portland Street; but still, you understand, with a rising reputation among the few people to whom he was known. Being in that condition in which a drowning man catches at a straw, our bore sent for Jilkins. Jilkins came. Our bore liked his eye, and said, "Mr. Jilkins, I have a presentiment that you will do me good." Jilkin's reply was characteristic of the man. It was, "Sir, I mean to do you good." This confirmed our bore's opinion of his eye, and they went into the case together—went completely into it. Jilkins then got up, walked across the room, came back, and sat down. His words were these. "You have been humbugged. This is a case of indigestion, occasioned by deficiency of power in the Stomach. Take a mutton chop in half-an-hour, with a glass of the finest old sherry that can be got for money. Take two mutton chops to-morrow, and two glasses of the finest old sherry. Next day, I'll come again" In a week our bore was on his legs, and Jilkins's success dates from that period!

Our bore is great in secret information. He happens to know many things that nobody else knows. He can generally manage to tell you where the split is in the ministry; he knows a deal about the Queen; and has little anecdotes to relate of the royal nursery. He gives you the Judge's private opinion of Sludge the murderer, and his thoughts when he tried him. He happens to know what such a man got by such a transaction, and it was fifteen thousand five hundred pounds, and his income is twelve thousand a year. Our bore is also great in mystery. He believes, with an exasperating appearance of profound meaning, that you saw Parkins last Sunday? Yes, you did. Did he say anything particular? No, nothing particular. Our bore is surprised at that. Why? Nothing. Only he understood that Parkins had come to tell you something. What about? Well! our bore is not at liberty to mention what about. But he believes you will hear that from Parkins himself, soon, and he hopes it may not surprise you as it did him. Perhaps, however, you never heard about Parkins's wife's sister? No. Ah! says our bore, that explains it!

Our bore is also great in argument. He infinitely enjoys a long humdrum, drowsy interchange of words of dispute about nothing. He considers that it strengthens the mind, consequently, he "don't see that," very often. Or, he would be glad to know what you mean by that. Or, he doubts that. Or, he has always understood exactly the reverse of that. Or, he can't admit that. Or, he begs to deny that. Or, surely you don't mean that. And so on. He once advised us; offered us a piece of advice, after the fact, totally impracticable and wholly impossible of acceptance, because it supposed the fact then eternally disposed of, to be yet in abeyance. It was a dozen years ago, and to this hour our bore benevolently wishes, in a mild voice, on certain regular occasions, that we had thought better of his opinion.

The instinct with which our bore finds out another bore, and closes with him, is amazing. We have seen him pick his man out of fifty men, in a couple of minutes. They love to go (which they do naturally) into a slow argument on a previously exhausted subject, and to contradict each other, and to wear the hearers out, without impairing their own perennial freshness as bores. It improves the good understanding between them, and they get together afterwards, and bore each other amicably. Whenever we see our bore behind a door with another bore, we know that when he comes forth, he will praise the other bore as one of the most intelligent men he ever met. And this bringing us to the close of what we had to say about our bore, we are anxious to have it understood that he never bestowed this praise on us.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

NEW YORK IN 1794.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Christian Inquirer* communicates to that paper the substance of a journal kept by one Madam Knight, who made a journey from Boston to this city, in 1794, on horseback. He says:

Madam Knight was a resident of Boston, a lady of a brilliant fancy, and of uncommon literary attainments for that age. The city of New York did not at that period contain over five thousand inhabitants. The original MS. of the journal of Madam Knight, kept during this journey, or a portion of it, (a large part of it having been unfortunately destroyed), is now in the possession of a gentleman of your city, who obtained it from some of the relatives of its author, and caused it to be printed in 1825, in New York, by Wilder & Campbell, in the same volume with a journal of Rev. Mr. Buckingham, kept during his expedition to Canada in 1710–11. Madam Knight gives a curious, quaint, and undoubtedly a true description of the manners and customs of the time. A hasty glance is sufficient to show the wonderful advances that have been made in population, wealth, the art of locomotion, and all the physical comforts and conveniences of life, and to lead us seriously to inquire whether we have made an equal moral progression during the last century and a half.

Madam Knight visited her friends and relatives in New Haven for the purpose of arranging in regard to the distribution of an estate. She tarried the first night at Stoughton, the second in "the Narraganset Country," (Rhode Island) the third at New London, the fourth at Cillingsworth, arriving the fifth day at New Haven, where she remained two months, leaving that place December 6. "My business," she says, "lying unfinished by some concerns at New York depending thereupon, my Kinsman, Mr. Thomas Trowbridge, of New Haven, must needs take a Journey there before it could be accomplished, I resolved to go there in company with him." Accordingly she starts again upon her nag, stopping the first night at Fairfield, "where we met," she says, "with good entertainment, and lodged;" the second at Rye, where she was dissatisfied with the "Cookery, managed," she says, "so contrary to my notion that I hastned to Bed supperless," arriving the third day from New Haven to New York. "Here I applyd myself to Mr. Burroughs, a merchant, to whom I was recommended by my Kinsman, Capt. Prout, and received great Civilities from him and his spouse, who were now both Deaf, but very agreeable in their Conversation.

"I made a great many acquaintances amongst the good women of the town, who curtcously invited me to their houses, and generously entertained me.

"The Cittie of New York is a pleasant well-compacted place, situated on a Commodious River weh is a fine harbour for shipping. The Buildings Brick Generally, very stately and high, though not altogether like ours in Boston. The Bricks in some of the Houses are of divers coullers and laid in Chekers, being glazed look very agreeable. The inside of them are neat to admiration, the wooden work, for only the walls are plaistered, and the Sumers and Gist are planed and kept very white scowr'd, as so are all the partitions made of Boards. The fire places have no Jambs (as ours have) but the bricks run flush with the walls, and the Hearth is of Tyles and is as far out into the Room at the Ends as before the fire, weh is generally five foot in the Low'r rooms."

She speaks of a house where she attended a "Vendue" as having "Chimney corners like ours, and they and the hearths were laid with the finest tile that I ever see, and the stair cases laid all with white tile which is ever clean, and so are the walls of the Kitchen which had a Brick floor. . . . .

"They are Generally of the Church of England, and have a New England Gentleman for their minister, and a very fine Church set out with all customary requisites. There are also a Dutch and divers Conventicles as they call them, viz., Baptist, Quakers, &c. They are not strict in keeping the Sabbath as in Boston and other places where I had bin, but seem to deal with great exactness so far as I see or deal with them. They are sociable to one another, and Curteos and Civil to strangers, and fare well in their houses. The English go very fashionable in their dress. But the Dutch, especially the middling sort, differ from our women, in their habitt go loose, wear French muches which are like a capp and a head band in one, leaving their ears bare, which are set out with jewels of a large size and many in number. And their fingers hoop't with Rings, some with large stones in them of many Coullers as were the pendants in their ears which you should see [worn] by very old women as well as Young. . . . .

"Their diversions in the Winter is riding Slays about three or four miles out of Town, where they have Houses of entertainment at a place called the Bowery, and some go to friends Houses who handsomely treat them. Mr. Burroughs carried his Spouse and Daughter and myself out to one Madam Dowes, a gentlewoman who lived at a farm-House, who gave us a handsome entertainment of five or six Dishes and bhoice Beer and metheglin, Cyder, &c., all which she said was the produce of her farm." . . .

We may be able to judge of the *crowded* state of the streets in that period from the great number of "slays" she met in her ride that day to the Bowery.

"I believe we met 50 or 60 slays that day—they fly with great swiftness and some are so furious that they'le turn out of the path for none except a loaden cart. Nor do they spare for any diversion the place affords, and sociable to a degree, they'r Tables being as free to their Naybours as to themselves."

Madam Knight left New York after a visit of about a fortnight on her return to New Haven, taking three days for that journey. She forded rivers, ascended mountains, and encountered innumerable difficulties and dangers in her journeyings. After remaining at New Haven about two months longer, she started on her return to Boston, having accomplished the difficult journey, and the still more difficult business on which she was bent. Not, however, until she had obtained "the mediation of that holy good Gentleman. Rev. Mr. James Pierpont, the minister of New Haven," did she come to "an accommodation and distribution" of the estate, "which, having finished, though not till February," she started for Boston, where she arrived on the 3d of March, 1795, "where," she says, "I found my aged and tender Mother and my dear and only Child in good health with open arms ready to receive me, and my kind relations flocking in to welcome me and hear the story of my transactions and travails. I having this day been five months from home, desire sincearly to adore my Great Benefactor for thus carrying forth and returning in safety his unworthy handmaid."

In the evening of Madam Knight's second day's journey, her guide told her there was a bad river to ford; "but it was but narrow and we should soon be over. I cannot express the concern of mind this relation sett in me; no thoughts but those of the dangeros River could entertain my Imagination, and they were as formidable as varios, still tormenting me with the blackest ideas of my approaching fate—sometimes seing myself drowning, otherwhiles drowned, and at the best like a holy Sister just come out of a Spiritual Bath in dripping garments."

Soon after this the sun went down, when "every lifeless trunk with its shattered limbs was like an armed Enymie." She could not discern her guide at any distance. She crossed the river in safety, and some time after the moon rose, when she invoked the genius of poetry, and addressed some eighteen lines of verse to that luminary. "From hence we kept on, with more ease yn before: the way being smooth and even, the night warm and serene, and the Tall and thick Trees at a distance, especially wn the moon glared light through the branches, filled my Imagination with the pleasant delusion of a Sumpteous City, fill'd with famous Buildings and Churches, wth their spiring steeples, balconies, galleries, and I know not what. Grandeurs weh I had heard of, and which the stories of foreign countries had given me the idea of."

"Here stood a Lofty church—there is a steeple
And there the Grand Parade—o see the people!
That famous Castle there, were I but nigh;
To see the mote and bridg and walls so high—
They're very fine! sais my deluded eye."

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In the same year that Madam Knight made this journey to this city, the first newspaper ever published in America was commenced. The "*Boston News Letter*" was first published April 24, 1704; and instead of *sixty-four* square feet of print—the size of some papers of the present day—it was published on half a sheet of paper, a little larger than common foolscap, and probably did not contain more than four or five square feet of print.

The same rate of increase in the population of New York that there has been since Madam Knight's journey, would give New York about *fifty millions* of inhabitants—twice the present population of the United States—in the year 2000, one hundred and fifty years hence, covering the whole island of Manhattan with one person to about a square yard of ground.—W. R. D.

A 'WILD CAT BANK.'

"IN the Autumn of 1835, having been cheated out of the previous summer's earnings, by the captain of the steamer in which I had been employed running away with the money, I was, like the rest of the men, left without any means of support during the winter, and therefore had to seek employment in the neighbouring towns. I went to the town of Monroe, in the State of Michigan, and while going through the principle streets looking for work, I passed the door of the only barber in the town, whose shop appeared to be filled with persons waiting to be shaved. As there was but one man at work, and as I had, while employed in the steamer, occasionally shaved a gentleman who could not perform that office himself, it occurred to me that I might get employment here as a journeyman barber. I therefore made immediate application for work, but the barber told me he did not need a hand. But I was not to be put off so easily, and after making several offers to work cheap, I frankly told him, that if he would not employ me, I would get a room near to him, and set up an opposition establishment. This threat, however, made no impression on the barber; and as I was leaving, one of the men who were waiting to be shaved said, 'If you want a room in which to commence business, I have one on the opposite side of the street.' This man followed me out; we went over, and I looked at the room. He strongly urged me to set up, at the same time promising to give me his influence. I took the room, purchased an old table, two chairs, got a pole with a red stripe painted around it, and the next day opened, with a sign over the door, 'Fashionable Hair-dresser from New York, Emperor of the West.' I need not add that my enterprise was very annoying to the 'shop-over the way,' especially my sign, which happened to be the most expensive part of the concern. Of course, I had to tell all who came in that my neighbour on the opposite side did not keep clean towels, that his razors were dull, and, above all, he had never been to New York to see the fashions. Neither had I. In a few weeks I had the entire business of the town, to the great discomfiture of the other barber. At this time, money matters in the Western States were in a sad condition. Any person who could raise a small amount of money was permitted to establish a bank, and allowed to issue notes for four times the sum raised. This being the case, many persons borrowed money merely long enough to exhibit to the bank inspectors, and the borrowed money was returned, and the bank left without a dollar in its vaults, if, indeed, it had a vault about its premises. The result was, that banks were started all over the Western States, and the country flooded with worthless paper. These were known as the 'Wild Cat Banks.' Silver coin being very scarce, and the banks not being allowed to issue notes for a smaller amount than one dollar, several persons put out notes from 6 to 75 cents in value; these were called 'Shinplasters.' The Shinplaster was in the shape of a promissory note, made payable on demand. I have often seen persons with large rolls of these bills, the whole not amounting to more than five dollars. Some weeks after I had commenced business on my 'own hook,' I was one evening very much crowded with customers; and while they were talking over the events of the day, one of them said to me, 'Emperor, you seem to be doing a thriving business. You should do as other business men, issue your Shinplasters.' This, of course, as it was intended, created a laugh; but with me it was no laughing matter, for from that moment I began to think seriously of becoming a banker. I accordingly went a few days after to a printer, and he, wishing to get the job of printing, urged me to put out my notes, and showed me some specimens of engravings that he had just received from Detroit. My head being already filled with the idea of a bank, I needed but little persuasion to set the thing finally afloat. Before I left the printer the notes were partly in type, and I studying how I should keep the public from counterfeiting them. The next day my Shinplasters were handed to me, the whole amount being twenty dollars, and after being duly signed were ready for circlation. At first my notes did not take well; they were too new, and viewed with a suspicious eye. But through the assistance of my customers, and a good deal of exertion on my own part, my bills were soon in circulation; and nearly all the money received in return for my notes was spent in fitting up and decorating my shop. Few bankers get through this world without their difficulties, and I was not to be an exception. A short time after my money had been out, a party of young men, either wishing to pull down my vanity, or to try the soundness of my bank, determined to give it 'a run.' After collecting together a number of my bills, they came one at a time to demand other money for them, and I, not being aware of what was going on, was taken by surprise. One day as I was sitting at my table, strapping some new razors I had just got with the avails of my 'Shinplasters,' one of the men entered and said, 'Emperor, you will oblige me if you will give me some other money for these notes of yours.' I immediately cashed the notes with the most worthless of the Wild Cat money that I had on hand, but which was a lawful tender. The young man had scarcely left when a second appeared with a similar amount, and demanded payment. These were cashed, and soon a third came with his roll of notes. I paid these with an air of triumph, although I had but half a dollar left. I began now to think seriously what I should do, or how to act, provided another demand should be made. While I was thus engaged in thought, I saw the fourth man crossing the street, with a handful of notes, evidently my 'Shinplasters.' I instantaneously shut the door, and looking out of the window, said, 'I have closed business for the day: come to-morrow, and I will see you.' In looking across the street, I saw my rival standing in his shop-door, grinning and clapping his hands at my apparent downfall. I was completely 'done *Brown*' for the day. However, I was not to be 'used up' in this way; so I escaped by the back door, and went in search of my friend who had first suggested to me the idea of issuing notes. I found him, told him of the difficulty I was in, and wished him to point out a way by which I might extricate myself. He laughed heartily, and then said, 'You must act as all bankers do in this part of the country.' I inquired how they did, and he said, 'When your notes are brought to you, you must redeem them, and then send them out and get other money for them; and, with the latter, you can keep cashing your own Shinplasters.' This was indeed a new job to me. I immediately commenced putting in circulation the notes which I had just redeemed, and my efforts were crowned with so much success, that before I slept that night my 'Shinplasters' were again in circulation, and my bank once more on a sound basis. As I saw the clerks shovelling out the yellow coin upon the counters of the Bank of England, and men coming in and going out with weighty bags of the precious metal in their hands, or on their shoulders, I could not but think of the great contrast between the monster institution within whose walls I was then standing, and the Wild Cat Banks of America!"—*Wm. W. Brown's 'Three Years in Europe.'*

If you want to understand a *subject*, talk with a man whose business it is; if you want to understand the *man*, talk about something else.

LETTER FROM MR. WEBSTER CONCERNING HIS EARLY LIFE.

THE *Commercial Advertiser* publishes the following extract of a private letter written by Mr. Webster, to a friend six years ago:

FRANKLIN, N. H., May 8, 1846.

* * * I have made satisfactory arrangements respecting my house here, the best of which is that I can leave it where it is, and yet be comfortable, notwithstanding the railroad.

The house faces due North. Its front windows look toward the river Merrimack. But then the river soon turns to the south, so that the eastern windows look toward the river also. But the river has so deepened its channel in this stretch of it, in the last fifty years, that we cannot see its waters, without approaching it, or going back to the higher lands behind us. The history of this change is of considerable importance in the philosophy of streams. I have observed it practically, and know something of the theory of the phenomenon; but I doubt whether the world will ever be benefitted, either by my learning, or my observation, in this respect.

Looking out at the east windows, at this moment, (2 P. M.), with a beautiful sun just breaking out, my eye sweeps a rich and level field of 100 acres. At the end of it, a third of a mile off, I see plain marble grave stones, designating the places where repose my father, my mother, my brother Joseph, and my sisters, Mehitable, Abigail and Sarah; good Scripture names, inherited from their Puritan ancestors.

My father! Ebenezer Webster!—born at Kingston, in the lower part of the State, in 1789—the handsomest man I ever saw, except my brother Ezekial, who appeared to me, and so does he now seem to me, the very finest human form that ever I laid eyes on. I saw him in his coffin—a white forehead—a tinged cheek—a complexion as clear as heavenly light! But where am I straying?

The grave has closed upon him, as it has on all my brothers and sisters. We shall soon be all together. But this is melancholy, and I leave it. Dear, dear kindred blood, how I love you all!

This fair field is before me. I could see a lamb on any part of it. I have ploughed it, and raked it, and hoed it, but I never mowed it. Somehow, I could never lear